

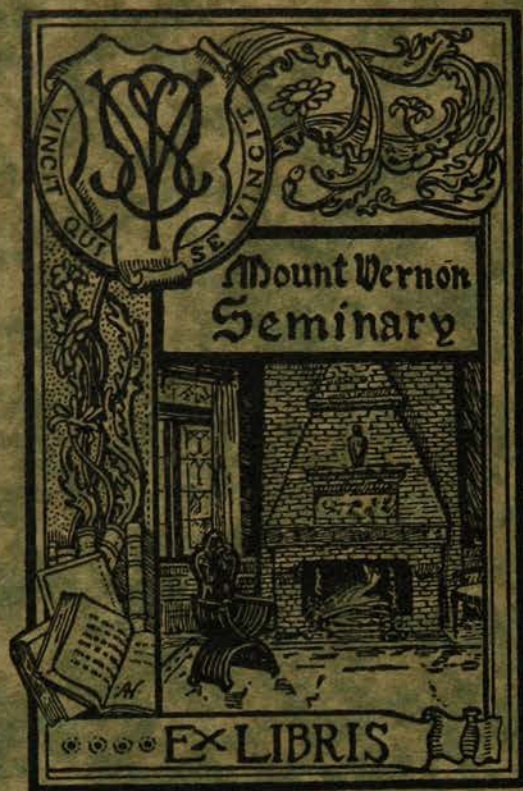
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THE CUPOLA

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The Cupola



VOLUME II



MT. VERNON SEMINARY
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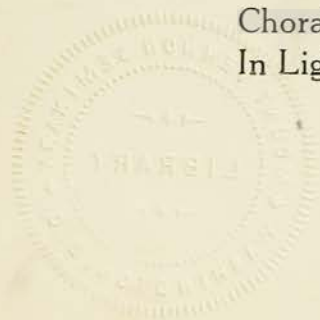
TO MISS COLE
In Gratitude
For Her
Example and Leadership
Through This, The
Hardest of All Our School Years.

8



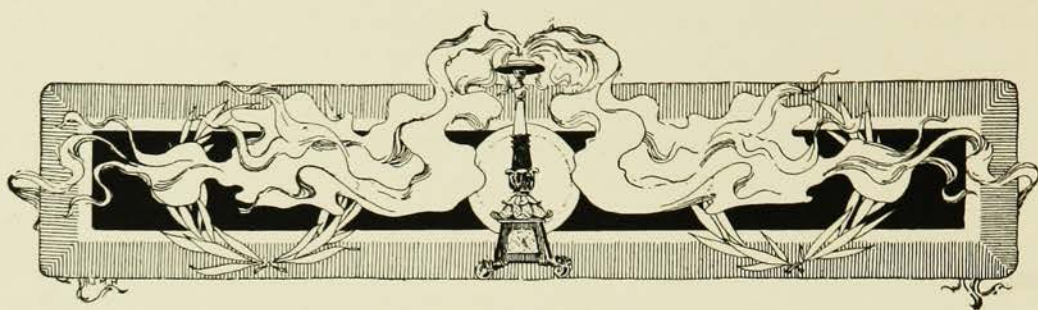
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AST year was the first year in some time that the publication of this type of a book was undertaken at M. V. S.; then so short a period of preparation was allowed for it that full justice could not be done. The staff hopes that this year they have not only improved on last year's book but have helped towards making the "Cupola" a permanent institution. They realize, however, that there is still great room for improvement, and they wish to extend to next year's "Cupola" and its staff their best wishes.



MRS. HENSLEY

WHO say that she is gone know not; they dwell not here. If we gather in the chapel, she is there; if we draw around the fire in the Great Hall, she is there; if we loiter in the Cloister Hall, we hear her step and instinctively look up for her welcoming smile; if we pause on the threshold of our hearts, there she is enshrined; if we look into the future, she is there. The memory of her wish sways her girls when they swerve momentarily from the path of duty; the memory of her attitude on a question determines the decision in faculty meeting; the love for her levels all differences and unites the great family in a bond of unsurpassed strength. No monarch ever more completely ruled his kingdom than the spirit of Mrs. Hensley, our lives today.

How often when one passes into the Great Beyond, it is said, "We must forget all that, and remember only his strength." We have nothing to forget. Memory is our ally. We court her that she may bring before us, with renewed vividness, not only her loved face, but the clearness of her vision, the crystal clearness of her soul over which the shadow of falsity never lurked, the dauntless courage, the majestic simplicity, the gracious dignity that was born from the instinctive rightness of her life. Such a memory is more than a comfort, more than an inspiration; it is a challenge—a challenge to earn the freedom that was hers—she could do what she would because she would what was right.

In her life she was a great teacher but ever seeking to be taught; firm in her opinion yet easily to be entreated; just in her judgment

but merciful in her power; an inspiring leader but eager to acknowledge leadership; modest in the estimate of her own powers but bold in her conceptions and fearless in their execution; unmindful of her own rights but an undaunted fighter for the rights of others; quick and boundless in her sympathy but impersonal in her administration of justice; temperate in her expression but strong in her conviction; clear in her vision and uncompromising in her faithfulness to that vision; unassuming but inspired with power and courage; executive—teacher—friend. In her death these attributes are vitalized in our midst—her name has become a touchstone of spiritual power—the keynote of a great pæan of the praise of life—an inspiring challenge not to be ministered unto but to minister.

The beautiful memorial gate erected at the entrance of the grounds, the spontaneous gift of the present students of the school—is eminently fitting, for to us all she has been a sacred gate that guards the entrance to life more abundant—a friend.

THE ADELIA GATES HENSLEY MEMORIAL ENTRANCES

IT HAD long been one of Mrs. Hensley's most cherished wishes to have erected, at both ends of the front drive, entrances, in keeping with the architecture of the school. The girls of this year, wishing to see realized the ideals and wishes of Mrs. Hensley, have made possible the erection of these gates. They will be dedicated to her memory probably during Commencement Week, and will always remain a monument to her, and to the love she inspired.

SCHOOL CALENDAR

October	31—Wednesday—Hallowe'en Party.
November	2—Friday—Col. Chas. Furlong. Illustrated lecture, "Passing of the Old West."
November	3—Saturday—Benefit Dance. J. K. Folmar, A. Miller.
November	17—Saturday—Senior Card Party.
November	26—Monday—Faculty-Senior Basket-ball.
December	8—Saturday—Senior Play.
December	18—Tuesday—Xmas Party.
December	20—Thursday—Vacation began.
January	9—Wednesday—School opened.
January	19—Saturday—1st Ingenuity Contest.
January	26—Saturday—2d Senior-Junior Ingenuity Contest.
February	8—Friday—Dr. Monroe. Chemistry.
February	14—Thursday—Dr. Langworthy. Chemistry.
February	15—Friday—Valentine Dance.
February	16—Saturday—Yellow and White Class Contest.
February	22—Friday—Junior Play.
February	29—Friday—Mlle. Ray.
March	6—Thursday—Dr. Leon Vincent. "J. M. Barrie."
March	8—Saturday—White Class Play.
March	9—Sunday—Chevron Service.
March	14—Friday—Miss Eleanor Markell. Theatre of Max Rheinhardt.
March	15—Saturday—Swimming Meet.
March	21—Friday—Miss Ruth Egge. (Romance of Sterling Silver.)
March	22—Saturday—Yellow Class Play.
March	23—Sunday—Piano and Vocal Recital.
April	5—Saturday—Senior Movie. "Ashes of Vengeance."
April	11—Friday—Dr. Chas. Clark. "Italy of Today."
April	12—Saturday (afternoon)—Junior Class presented three one-act original plays.
April	18—Friday—Senior Essay Day.
April	24—Thursday—Junior-Senior Banquet.
May	22—Thursday—Classes over.
May	23—Friday—Morning, School Day; afternoon, Studio Tea; evening, Recital.
May	24—Saturday—Alumnæ Luncheon.
May	25—Sunday—Baccalaureate Sermon.
	Cloister Supper. <i>class songs.</i>
May	26—Monday—Commencement Play.
May	27—Tuesday—Class Day—Glee Club Concert.
May	28—Wednesday—Commencement.

Dedication of Gates.

EDITORIAL STAFF



CUPOLA STAFF

<i>Faculty Advisers</i>	{ MISS BARBER MISS CHURCHYARD
<i>Editor in Chief</i>	MARY STRACHAN
<i>Assistant Editor</i>	FLORENCE BONTJES
<i>Advertising Manager</i>	POLLY SCHODER
<i>Business Manager</i>	FLORENCE BONTJES
<i>Literary Editor</i>	ADDISON PELLETIER
<i>Assistant Literary Editor</i>	BERENICE MAXWELL
<i>Athletic Editor</i>	ELEANOR HAYDEN
<i>Assistant Athletic Editor</i>	VIRGINIA WATTS
<i>Joke Editor</i>	EMILY WHITING
<i>Photograph Editor</i>	ROSEMARY AMES
<i>Dramatic Editor</i>	ELVIRA YOUNG



LIST OF FACULTY

MRS. SOMERS
MISS COLE
MISS HILL
MISS BALL
MISS BARBER
MISS BLAKESLEE
MRS. BROSIUS
MISS BROUSE
MISS CARROLL
MISS CHICKERING
MISS CHURCHYARD
MISS COLGAN
MISS COOK
MISS CUNNINGHAM
MADAME DALOZ
MISS DAVIS
MISS EDWARDS
MRS. ENDERS
MISS FROELICH
MISS GUARD

MISS HALL
MISS HEMPSTEAD
MISS HILLYAR
MISS HOPKINS
MRS. MCALLISTER
MISS MALLARD
MISS MARTIN
MRS. MURPHEY
MRS. PAYNE
MADAME PELTIER
MISS PIPER
MISS PLUMMER
MISS RAINER
MRS. RICKETT
MISS RITCHEY
MISS SCHUSTER
MISS TREYZ
MISS TRIPPEIT
MISS WALKER



MISS COLE

MISS JEAN DEAN COLE who comes from a distinguished Albany family was born in that city and received her secondary education there. After graduating from the Albany Teacher's Training School, Miss Cole began her professional experience in a district school, and then, a few years later, went to Mount Holyoke College where she received her B. A. degree. After this, five years of the teaching of English preceded her connection with Mount Vernon Seminary to which she came in 1905 as instructor in English. During the last years Miss Cole has been closely associated with the School administration both as a member of the Mount Vernon Corporation and as Assistant Head Mistress. As Mrs. Hensley gradually withdrew from active service, she handed over to Miss Cole more and more of her duties and, in a sense, prepared her for the entire responsibility which so swiftly and tragically devolved upon her this Fall.

Miss Cole has done graduate work at Columbia University, and last summer attended lectures at Oxford University.

The personality of Miss Cole is so strong and vital a one that it has already left its imprint on Mount Vernon Seminary. Her chief objective contributions to it, in the years that she has been here, have been her revision of the curriculum, the system of classification, and the introduction of intelligence tests. But these are only surface indications of Miss Cole's personality—a personality that evokes, from her staff, enthusiasm and loyalty, and, from the students, confidence and affection, and the conviction that under her leadership the School is sure of the fine and happy future that is its right.

SENIOR CLASS



Class Mother

MADAME ELEANOR PELTIER

Motto: Tibi Fidus Esto

Class Flower—Violet

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	NATALIE SMITH
<i>Vice-President</i>	ADDISON PELLETIER
<i>Secretary</i>	VIRGINIA DAVISON
<i>Treasurer</i>	EMMA RITCHIE

HARRIET BABCOCK
 FLORENCE BONTJES
 VIRGINIA DAVISON
 CHARLOTTE GATES
 CATHERINE HOWELL
 VIRGINIA JONES
 MARGARET MARTIN
 ADDISON PELLETIER

HARRIET PILCH
 EMMA RITCHIE
 POLLY SCHODER
 FRANCES SHERMAN
 BETTY SLAUGHTER
 NATALIE SMITH
 EMILY WHITING
 ELVIRA YOUNG



Harriet Babcock

HARRIET BABCOCK
Knoxville, Tennessee

Four years

President of Optima, '24
Glee Club, '21-'22
Dramatics, '24
White Class

"Truthfulness in word and thought, and honesty in action."



Florence Bontjes

FLORENCE BONTJES

Peoria, Illinois

Four years

Business Manager of *Cupola*, '24

Assistant Editor of *Cupola*, '24

Secretary of Choir, '24

Glee Club, '21-'22-'23-'24

Dramatics, '21

Yellow Class

"Whatever is worth doing at all, is worth doing well."

*Come to Hartman -
Jimmy*



VIRGINIA DAVISON
Flint, Michigan

Four years

President of French Club, '24
Secretary of Senior Class
Vice-President of Junior Class
Vice-President of Domestic Science
Board of Directors, '24
Optima Club, '24
Dramatics, '22-'23-'24
Commencement Play, '22
Hockey, '22
White Class

"Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

Hope you have a marvellous year
Cheekie Gates



CHARLOTTE GATES
Plainfield, New Jersey

Two years

Walking Club, '23-'24

Swimming, '24

Basket-ball, '24

"Famine is in thy cheeks."

K. Howell



CATHERINE HOWELL
Kansas City, Missouri

Three years

Vice-President of French Club, '24
President of Glee Club, '23 and '24
Optima Club, '23
Dramatics, '22-'23-'24
Basket-ball, '22 and '24
Baseball, '22-'23
Hockey, '22 and '23
Choir, '22-'23-'24
White Class

*"The glass of fashion and the mould of form,
The observed of all observers."*

Virginia Jones



VIRGINIA JONES
Chanute, Kansas

Two years

Dramatics, '23-'24
Captain of Basket-ball Team, '24
Basket-ball, '23-'24
Class Athletic Manager, '24

"Yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look."



Margie

MARGARET MARTIN
Los Angeles, California
Two and one-half years
Optima Club, '23-'24
Dramatics, '24
Walking Club, '23-'24
Swimming Captain, '24
Swimming, '22
Baseball, '22
Hockey, '22
Basket-ball, '24
White Class

"What should I be, but just what I am?"



Addison Pelletier

ADDISON PELLETIER

Sioux City, Iowa

Four years

President Athletic Association, '24

Vice-President of Senior Class

President of Junior Class

Secretary of Optima Club, '24

French Club, '23-'24

Assistant Athletic Editor, *Cupola*, '23

Feature Editor of *Cupola*, '24

Glee Club, '21-'22-'23-'24

Choir, '23-'24

Cheer Leader, '21-'22

Basket-ball, '23-'24

Baseball, '23

Hockey, '22

Swimming, '22-'23-'24

Dramatics, '22-'23-'24

Commencement Play, '23

Yellow Class

Optima Club, '23

*"Virtue she finds too painful an endeavor,
Content to dwell in decencies forever."*



Harriet Pilch.

HARRIET PILCH
Madison, New Jersey

Two years

Dramatics, '23-'24
Commencement Play, '24
Secretary and Treasurer, Glee Club, '23-'24
Optima Club, '23-'24
Choir, '23-'24
Basket-ball, '23-'24

"To be the best—is but the fewest faults to have."



Emma Ritchie

EMMA RITCHIE
Omaha, Nebraska

Two years

Treasurer of Senior Class
Optima Club, '23
Secretary of French Club, '24
Walking Club, '23-'24
Glee Club, '23-'24
Choir, '23
Dramatics, '23-'24
Swimming, '24

"In youth and beauty, wisdom is but rare."

Best wishes for
next year - Polly -



POLLY SCHODER
Los Angeles, California

Three years

President of Walking Club, '24
Treasurer of Junior Class
Treasurer of French Club, '24
Secretary and Treasurer, Walking Club, '23
Advertising Editor of *Cupola*, '24
Dramatics, '22-'23-'24
Swimming, '24
White Class

*"Oh, grant me honest fame,
Or grant me none."*



Sherman

FRANCES SHERMAN
Oakland, California

Two years

Art Editor of *Cupola*, '24

Assistant Art Editor, '23

French Club, '24

Dramatics, '24

Swimming, '23-'24

Basket-ball, '24

Glee Club, '23-'24

Choir, '24

Treasurer, Athletic Association, '24

*"You are mobile as the veering air,
And all your charms more changeful than the tide."*



BETTY SLAUGHTER
Evanston, Illinois

Three years

Dramatics, '22-'23-'24
Commencement Play, '23
Walking Club, '23-'24
Glee Club, '22
Choir, '22-'23
Hockey, '22
Baseball, '22-'23
Swimming, '24
White Class

"She possesses a peculiar talent of producing effect in whatever she says or does."

Betty Slaughter



NATALIE SMITH
Little Rock, Arkansas

Four years

President of the Senior Class
Vice-President of the Optima Club, '24
Secretary of the Junior Class, '23
French Club, '23-'24
Glee Club, '23
Dramatics, '22-'24
Photograph Editor of *Cupola*, '23
Board of Directors of Domestic Science
Baseball, '22-'23
White Class

"Deeds, not words."

Th. H. M. G.
Natalie Smith



EMILY WHITING
Oak Park, Illinois

Two years

Joke Editor, *Cupola*, '24

Dramatics, '24

Basket-ball, '23-'24

Baseball, '23

Swimming, '24

Glee Club, '23-'24

Choir, '23-'24

*"Life is a jest, and all things show it,
I thought so once, and now, I know it."*

Emily Whiting



Bill Young

ELVIRA YOUNG
Grand Rapids, Michigan

Five years

Secretary of Domestic Science

Board of Directors, '24

French Club, '23-'24

Optima Club, '24

Glee Club, '21-'22-'23

Dramatic Editor of *Cupola*, '23-'24

Dramatics, '20-'21-'22-'23-'24

Commencement Play, '22-'24

Choir, '21-'22-'23

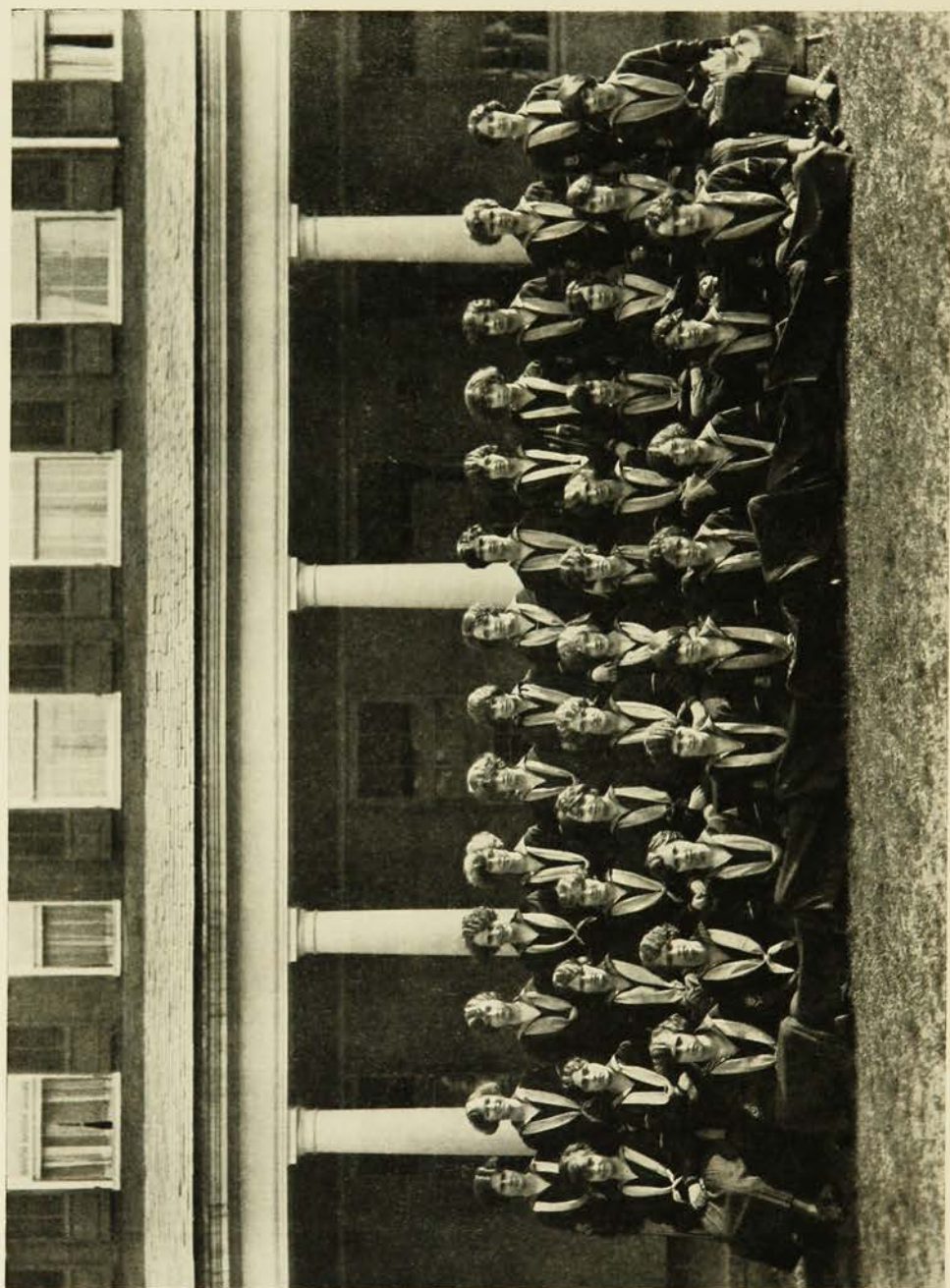
Toastmistress of Junior Banquet, '23

Hockey, '22

Cheer Leader, '24

White Class

*"Seek, and you shall find,
'Speak,' and it shall be opened unto you."*



JUNIOR CLASS



Class Mother

MISS CONSTANCE CHURCHYARD

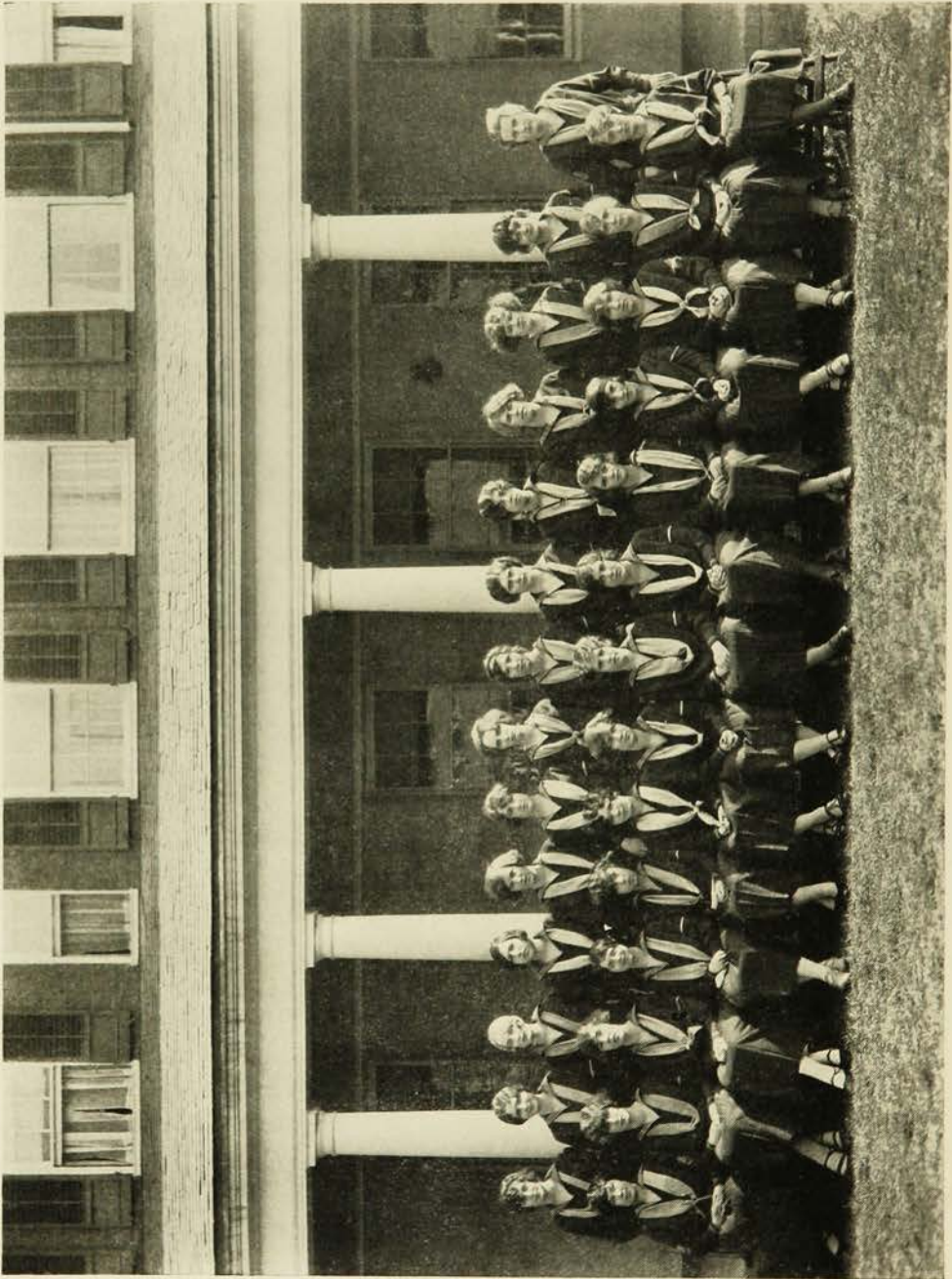
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Vice-President		MARY STRACHAN
Secretary		GWENDOLYN ATWOOD
Treasurer		MARY MORTON

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GWENDOLYN ATWOOD	BEULAH GIBBONS	ANNE MILLER
SARAH BANKS	JULIA HASE	MARY MORTON
ELIZABETH BURDELL	HULDA HAYSEN	ELIZABETH PAXTON
ELIZABETH BURGOYNE	PATRICIA HEALY	JOSEPHINE PEASE
VIRGINIA CARLISLE	MARGARET HECKERT	GRACE POOLE
EMMA CARTER	FRANCES HECKERT	VIRGINIA ROEDIGER
JANE CONNELL	MAXINE JENKINS	HARRIET SNIDER
HORTENSE COYLE	GLADYS KAREL	CHERRY STEPHENSON
ISABEL CUNNINGHAM	FRANCES KEACH	MARY STRACHAN
HELEN CURTIS	MARY LUPE	HOWARD VROOMAN
DOROTHY DAVIDSON	MARY FLORENCE MALOTT	HELEN YOUNG
	RUTH MARTIN	

Love and an awful lot of letters - always!!

Constance Churchyard 31



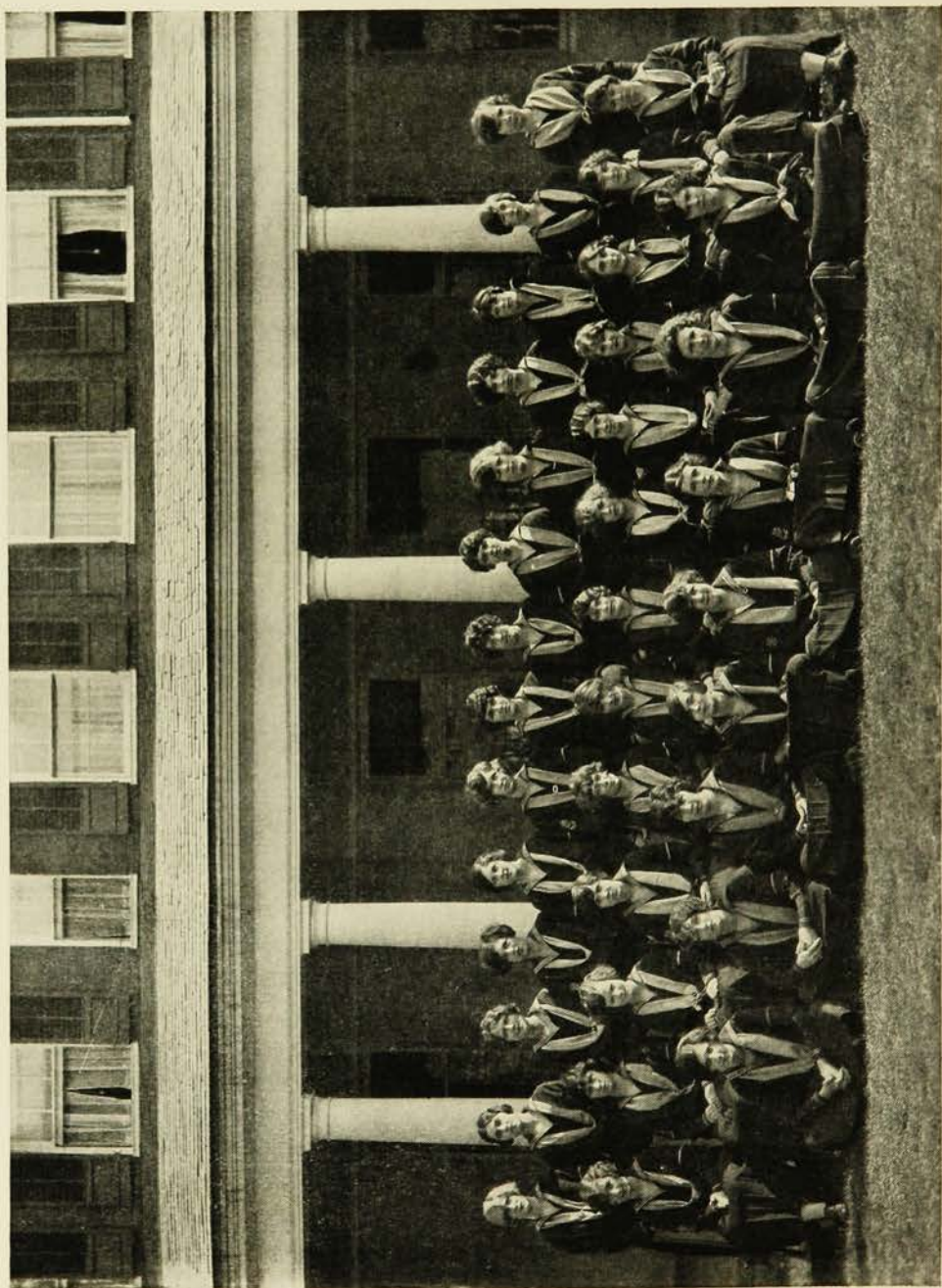
WHITE CLASS



Class Mother
MISS EDITH DENISON COOK

OFFICERS

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<i>Vice-President</i>	HARRIET BRADY
<i>Secretary</i>	GRACE SWITZER
<i>Treasurer</i>	MARY ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM
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HELEN BRANDT	IRMA KLINK
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GRACE BRECKINRIDGE	LAURA NEWBURGER
FAY BRIGHAM	LAURA RANDALL
BARBARA BUEHLER	ELEANOR ROWE
JANE CORWIN	ELIZABETH SAWTELLE
MARY ELIZABETH CUNNINGHAM	GRACE SWITZER
CATHERINE DEARMAND	ELLA UPPERCUE
MARY DUNLAP	CORNELIA WHITE
DEBORAH FREDERICKS	ANNE WILCOXSON
LOUISE GORDON	EMILY WITTMER



YELLOW CLASS



Acting Class Mother
MISS MARGARET G. BARBER

OFFICERS

<i>President</i>	GENEVIEVE STEWART
<i>Vice-President</i>	ELIZABETH BENNETT
<i>Secretary</i>	MARIE HORST
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN DICKSON

LOUISE ALDRICH
 LUCY ARMSTRONG
 DOROTHY BELL
 ELIZABETH BENNETT
 MIRANDA BOYD
 CAROLINE BRADY
 PEGGY BUCK
 ELIZABETH COUNCIL
 BLANCHE DAGGETT
 ELIZABETH DAVISON
 MARTHA DICKERSON
 HELEN DICKSON
 EMILY EVATT
 KATHRYN FERGUSON
 JULIA KNOX FOLMAR
 MARY ELIZABETH HAYWARD
 ANNE HEARNE
 MARIE HORST

HELEN HOPPER
 VIRGINIA KAUFMAN
 NAN KOLBE
 HENRIETTA LE STAGE
 ELEANOR LINN
 MEREDITH LOCKHART
 BARBARA MILLER
 MARJORIE PELL
 BERTHA PLUM
 BETTY STEWART
 GENEVIEVE STEWART
 JOSEPHINE STIEREN
 DOROTHY TAYLOR
 MARIAN WALTER
 VIRGINIA WATTS
 MARY WEAVER
 BARBARA WELLS
 MARY WELTY

THE DARK ENTRY

A One-Act Play by Elizabeth Burgoyne

Characters—Sir Rupert Howard. Eleanor, his wife. Mid, their guest. Henry, a butler.

Time—The present, midnight.

Scene—The gun room of an old English house. An old tapestry hanging covers one side of the paneled walls. The fireplace is alight; over it a portrait of a woman in Puritan dress.

AS THE curtain rises a clock chimes twelve. The glow of the fire is the only light. A bell rings, and Henry appears with a candle and opens the door. Three figures enter in fancy dress costume. They are all young. The man, as Pero, goes to the buffet for the wine, after removing Mid's cloak. Henry takes Eleanor's—and goes off. One woman, a frail beauty, dressed as Pierret, sits wearily in a chair. The other woman, offering a direct contrast, is full of vivacity, comes in and dances gaily around—singing at the same time. Her costume is the same type as the one worn by the women in the portrait.

Eleanor—Let us have a glass of wine and then to bed. I'm simply dead.

Mid (dancing around)—I'm not the least tired; I could dance the rest of the night.

Sir Rupert—It's a shame we had to bring you away so early. (Stands by fireplace after pouring wine.)

Mid—Why, it's no shame at all—(going over and standing with her hands on the back of Eleanor's chair). It's a revelation to me—just to be able to see her again, and to meet her wonderful

husband. (Trips gaily over to the table and picks glass up as if to give a toast.)

Sir Rupert—Don't you realize you shouldn't be so gay in that costume? (Never taking his eyes from her.)

Mid—Why—don't family ghosts ever dance?

Eleanor—Not Gertrude—(pointing to portrait). She had too much dignity.

Mid—What did she do to be a ghost forever? (Laughing merrily.)

Sir Rupert—Let's not discuss that; I can find something much more interesting to talk about.

Mid—Oh! No—please tell me about it. (She looks at him coaxingly.)

Eleanor—Do tell her, Rupert. It may prove interesting. (Settles back in her chair and watches first one face and then the other.)

Mid sits by fireplace in such a position that the flames light up her face. Sir Rupert stands with his back to fire and talks directly to Mid. Eleanor is in the shadow.

Sir Rupert—There was a battle with the Puritans near here, and Cromwell's men killed Gertrude's father. She was hiding in the passage, but, on receiving word that her father had been wounded, went back into the house to see him. Sir Philip Howard, my ancestor, was there.

Mid—Did he treat Gertrude kindly?

Sir Rupert—Very kindly.

Eleanor—Poor Gertrude, it must have been hard for her being all alone.

Mid—Sir Philip should have fallen in love with her and married her.

Sir Rupert—That's just what he did—he married her—but not because he loved her!

Mid—How exciting—why, then?

Sir Rupert—For his own convenience. Gertrude was wealthy, and Sir Philip loved excitement and pretty clothes, things which only money could buy.

Mid—But did Gertrude love him?

Sir Rupert—Oh! yes, she loved him—in her own quiet way.

Mid—But I shouldn't think they would have been happy. They were so different.

Sir Rupert—Gertrude found that out soon enough, but being a very determined young lady, and at the same time so much in love with Sir Philip, she tried to make the best of a bad bargain. And——

Mid—She failed?

Sir Rupert—Yes——

Eleanor—He wasn't so much to blame then—it was only his way. But afterwards——

Mid—Do go on—I love thrilling stories. What about afterwards?

Sir Rupert—Well, Sir Philip's ward from France, a gay, young sort of 17th century flapper, came to live with them.

Mid—How nice for Sir Philip.

Sir Rupert—She teased him, and flirted with him—day in and day out.

Mid—Right under Gertrude's nose?

Eleanor—It can be done with the utmost courtesy.

Mid—And Gertrude——

Sir Rupert—Saw everything, and pretended to be blind. Sir Philip was head over heels in love this time. They planned to elope—by way of the secret passage. Gertrude discovered their plans—but waited until they had gone down the passage and then locked the door.

Eleanor—And there they were—locked in a living tomb; for you see the entrance at the other end had caved in. She knew it. The gardener had told her.

Mid—But did no one ever find out?

Sir Rupert—The next day, after their disappearance had been discovered, the house was searched. But as the lovers evidently thought they could dig their way out, they were busily

engaged at the other end of the passage and so no one heard them. They did not succeed, however, and as Gertrude locked the room, which, by the way was Sir Philip's library, on pretense of sentiment; the runaway couple were never found.

Mid—And when Gertrude died, didn't she confess?

Eleanor—Not Gertrude!

Mid—But how did the story become known?

Sir Rupert—There were many mysterious stories told, but it was not until their son, the second Sir Philip, became of age, and the house was turned over to him,— that the truth was known. As was the custom, all the rooms in the house were opened, and in the lock of the door to the secret passage was found the key. The door was opened, and there, at the foot of the steps, were found the bodies. Sir Philip was identified by the ring he wore on which was the Howard crest.

Mid—(Thoroughly delighted.) Oh! I'm shivering! (Getting up and looking around the room.) Where is the passage—? I would so love to see it!

Eleanor—It is here in this room under the old hanging.

Mid—Oh! but I must see it. Sir Rupert, please open it for me.

Sir Rupert—Not for a hundred pounds! There's an old superstition that to anyone who opens that door, the worst of bad luck is sure to come.

Mid—(Laughing and going to the tapestry.) But surely you're not superstitious—that's childish!

Henry—(Enters left with a startled expression on his face, showing signs of nervousness.) Please, madam, may I have a word with you?

(Eleanor leaves, followed by Henry.)

Mid—What do you suppose he wanted this hour of night?

Sir Rupert—(Coming over to her.) I don't know and I don't care—so long as it gives me a moment with you.

Mid—(Moving away and facing him.) Oh! Rupert, you mustn't—Eleanor—

Sir Rupert—Didn't Fate send you here just as it sent the Cavalier girl to Sir Philip? Forget Eleanor and tell me when I can talk with you alone.

Mid—(Mischievously.) I don't like superstitious people. (Seriously)—Besides, Rupert, you must be careful. This evening you behaved so absurdly that I am sure everyone must have noticed.

Sir Rupert—Well, since I can't speak openly to you in public, that's all the more reason I want to see you alone. Will you meet me down here by the fire, later?

Mid—What of Eleanor——?

Sir Rupert—Eleanor is tired and will go right to bed. Will you, Mid——?

Mid—No—(As he tries to catch her, she slips away and walks to the opposite side of the room. She touches the tapestry hanging; Rupert watches her eagerly. She turns.)

Mid—(Laughing up into his face.) Yes, I will—on a condition.

Sir Rupert—Name it!

Mid—(Pointing to the tapestry.) Open the door for me, and let me see the passage.

Sir Rupert—(Somewhat astonished—hesitating at first—then looking at Mid, who shows her most engaging smile.) Superstition can go hang, and bad luck with it! (Goes to tapestry, draws it aside and opens the door, then turning to Mid.) Now will you come?

Mid—Oh! isn't it dark and spooky? Can't you just see Gertrude in this costume (pointing to her own) steadily creeping up to the door and locking it on the lovers?

Sir Rupert—Mid, don't rag me like this—Will you come down?

Mid—Maybe I will, and maybe I won't. (Laughs.) (Eleanor appears, followed by Henry; both are somewhat nervous.)

Eleanor—Mid, I am so sorry about what has just happened. Brixton, your maid, refuses to go upstairs again because she claims

she saw "Gertrude's" ghost come from your room and go down the hall. It's all so foolish—though I will admit it makes one feel a little nervous, because Gertrude's ghost hasn't been seen by anyone for years. But no talking on my part will persuade her to stay; she says just as soon as she can pack, she's leaving. I will give you my maid for tonight—if that arrangement will suit you.

Mid—(Hesitating—Sir Rupert catches her eye and shakes his head.)
Why—why, no, Eleanor, you needn't bother at all. I'm an American. I guess I can put myself to bed. I never have a maid at home.

Eleanor—Very well—I'm sorry it happened.

Sir Rupert—Come, let's to bed.

(Eleanor goes out first, followed by Mid, who turns in the door-way and throws a long look to Sir Rupert. He stirs the fire, and stops for a moment before Gertrude's picture; he looks from it to the tapestry, shrugs his shoulders, and goes off.)

Stage empty—no light but fire—clock heard to strike the half hour.

A figure dressed in a costume similar to Mid's comes from the left with an easy and light tread. Her face is well hidden by her bonnet. As she reaches the middle of the stage she looks back,—(A voice is heard off left—"Mid—Ho, Mid")—goes over to the tapestry, draws it aside and enters the passage as the ghost steps into the secret passage, Sir Rupert (in dressing gown) appears at the left.

Sir Rupert—Mid, you little fool, wait for me.

No answer.

Ghost goes right on, Rupert follows, and the door closes.

Stage again empty for a few minutes.

Mid—(Enters in a very pretty negligee, with a candle. Seeing no one she puts candle on table, and seats herself in big chair by fire.)

I wonder if he thinks I'll come. It will be nice sitting here by the fire talking. I hope he hurries! I don't particularly relish being here alone.

Eleanor—(Eleanor appears similarly clad; but without candle—Looks around and sees Mid.)

I heard you pass my door and I wondered if anything was wrong. Can I do anything?

Mid—(Startled—Jumps up.)

Eleanor! You! Why—oh! Why—nothing is wrong. The secret passage fascinated me so that I couldn't sleep for thinking about it, so I just came down here to sit by the fire. And if, in the battle between my curiosity and my good sense, my curiosity won—I was going to explore the passage and tell you all about it in the morning!

Eleanor—You mean that you were going down that awful place at this hour?

Mid—Oh! I'm not afraid—Now you run along to bed because I know just how tired you are, and I will follow immediately.

Eleanor—Really, Mid, I am quite over my "sleepy spell," and I believe I shall sit here awhile with you—if you don't mind. It is cozy, isn't it?

Mid—(Urgently) Now, dearest, you must be——

Eleanor—Come, now sit down, and let's talk over the party. (They sit on either side of the fireplace.) Didn't everyone look well? But none could compare with you. You certainly were at your "best." It really is astonishing how you resemble that picture. (Mid stirs uneasily in her chair, and Eleanor smiles.)

—Silence—

(Then a knock is heard very faintly. The girls look at each other—startled. Mid jumps to her feet.)

Mid—What's that——? It sounds as if it were in the passage. I'm frightened.

Eleanor—The best way to find out would be for you to open the door and see.

Mid—But who could it be——? Oh! Eleanor I'm afraid——! What if Brixton really **did** see the ghost? (Struck by a thought.) Where's Sir Rupert?

Eleanor—I don't know!

Mid—Don't know? Isn't he up-stairs?

Eleanor—No——!

Mid—(Almost in tears.) He was to come down here to meet me. But he hasn't come.

Eleanor—Yes, I know; but you're wrong. He came down before you did——. I heard him go down the hall.

Mid—You knew he was coming? Then why didn't you stop him?

Eleanor—Stop him, while he was going to meet you? I'm not quite so stupid. (Knocking is heard louder.)

Eleanor—(Thoroughly frightened, upset and angry.) Open that panel since your curiosity is so great.

Mid—(Shivering—groaning.) I can't. You open it.

Eleanor—Why should I open it?—He isn't waiting for me in there. He's waiting for you! Shall I bring him back to you?

Mid—I didn't mean any harm——. He may be hurt!

Eleanor—(Completely changing at the thought of Rupert's being hurt.) I love him; I want him. Come, we will go and find him. (Picks up candle.)

Mid—You lead, I'll follow. I'm so frightened. (Mid follows slowly. Eleanor pulls tapestry aside and opens door. Sir Rupert falls out dead,—Eleanor sinks to floor, and Mid stands horrified, after one terrible, "Oh!")

CURTAIN

AMAPOLA

By

Anne Abrahams

On the coast route road between San Diego and Los Angeles, not far from the ocean, stands the mission of San Juan Capistrano. Its sprawling adobe walls are crumbling, and it bears the marks of many years of misuse. Roses and boenvilla clamber over its ruins. Poppies and lupin grow in its clinks and crevices. Its patio is overrun with verdure. The passing motorist or an occasional peon are the only disturbers of the silence into which it has sunk. Cattle have been stalled in its cloisters, its altars have been dismantled, everywhere are signs of neglect and decay.

In the brilliant sunshine one can hardly imagine the time when the mission throbbed with life, saintly padres pacing in the cloisters, busy Indians going about their labors, and laughing children playing on the steps stopping only to allow some lordly Californian Don or smiling Señorita to enter. Go to the mission, at sunset, however, and wander in its spirit-haunted patio, listen to the chirping of the sleepy birds, breathe the fragrance of the orange blossoms and of roses, watch the moon float into the evening sky and hang there, flooding the patio with silver light—then when the mocking bird begins its serenade, and the world is silent that it may hear, will the old mission live once more, and whisper to you the secrets of its past.

In the year of our Lord 1823 the mission of San Juan Capistrano was one of the most beautiful and the wealthiest in the Province of California. It was a low, rambling, structure of adobe. Its walls were thick and strong. In its patio there bloomed the finest flowers, and from its bells there came the sweetest melodies. Its Indians were prosperous and contented, and within its shelter many sought peace.

Along the coast of southern California stretched, for many miles, the Ranch Amapola del Mer. It was a grant given by the king of Spain to Don Miguel Del Verre, and his family still controlled it. They were old Spanish stock, arrogant, haughty and proud—their sojourn in the new world had done little in making them less so. They were Spanish—they were Californian. They looked down upon and despised Mexicans, and were openly rebellious when Mexico undertook to dictate to California. The family had dwindled until only Don Fernando Del Verre and his son, Larrado, remained. Don Fernando was old and the management of the rancho fell upon Larrado. He spent much of his time riding through the fields and over the rolling hills, a picturesque figure, alert and graceful. His face, burned by sun and wind, was typical of his race. Pride was in every line, his mouth alone betrayed a hidden weakness. He oversaw the planting, the harvesting, the fruit picking, the sheep shearing and all the other activities that were a part of the ranch life. The course of his rides often led him to the mission of San Juan Capistrano, where he would stop for a few minutes, rest, and a chat with the worthy padre Bernadino, his adviser and friend. It was in this way that he became acquainted with Señorita Marquita Merracado. Several times he had found the good padre in intercourse with the Señorita, who, on Larrado's arrival, would retire—sometimes to walk in the patio until he should take his leave, or sometimes to mount a spirited thoroughbred that a small Mexican boy held in readiness and ride out of sight. Don Larrado wondered not a little as to the identity of this girl, and questioned Padre Bernadino about her, but the padre could tell him little except that she came to him for confession and counsel and that she was always attended by the Mexican youth—evidently a servant. After some persuasion Padre Bernadino presented Don Larrado to Señorita Merracado, for Padre Bernadino was a genial being and Larrado was a favorite of his. A friendship soon sprang up between Larrado and Marquita. At

first, their meetings were quite by chance, but presently, as their intimacy grew, it became their custom to meet at some hour during the day in the patio of the mission. There to walk sometimes with the padre—more often without him. Larrado found Marquita more and more entrancing. Her face was a mirror for her everchanging moods. Her eyes were luminous, her nose aquiline and aristocratic and her mouth at once haughty and passionate. She seemed the child of the sea and the sun—a vixen of impulse, cruel, enticing, bewildering.

Late one afternoon in April as the dying sun let its last rays sift into the patio, Señorita Marquita was wandering along the paths. There was a rose in her hair, and a rose at her breast, and her eyes were full of dreams. Larrado found her there and whispered to her of his love.

"Yo la amo, Marquita Mia," he said; "thou art the light of my days—my sun, my star. No longer can I bear separation from thee. Say that thou will be mine, alone, forever—paloma de cielo—Vola Lon mi." He drew her to him, gazing into her upturned face.

"Fly with thee—but no; what is the need of that? My guardian is old and cares not what I do—I am his adored one, and his consent is easily gained."

Larrado kissed her soft lips, and then turned and paced along the pathway. He stopped suddenly in front of her.

"My father has made a contract for me to wed with Señorita Rosell Baptista. The contract is of long standing but nevertheless we are in honor bound to fulfill it, however much we may wish to avoid it. Señorita Rosell has given her heart to Don Ramon, and to thee mine own heart is given. To continue with our marriage would be worse than folly, and yet to break would be a breach of honor yet my conscience, in thy love, will find a healing balm. And as for pride—we'll go to sunny Spain—there," he threw back his head smiling at her from half closed eyes—"I am a *Del Verre*, Kings have been proud to receive our services, and

they shall be proud again for I am a Californian. Wilt thou go?"

Marquita laughed and clasped her hands behind her neck.

"Go to the ends of the world—for hell would be heaven if thou wert but there."

"Remember, Nina mia, it means giving up thy friends, thy comrades, thy home."

"For thee, I would renounce all—save country."

"That thou shalt never do, for Spain is the mother of us both. We live in a province—yes, but the blood that flows in our veins is as undefiled, and pure, and free from taint as any in Castile. Madrid has no fairer flower than thee, Amapola de California. Thou art as fragile as the golden poppy, and as haunting as its vague perfume. The stiff court ladies, the holly hocks, shall be made to know the difference between the daughter and the wife of a Californian Don, and a Mexican mongrel who flaunts her beauty like——"

He stopped—arrested by the sudden pallor of Marquita's face.

"Thou art ill?" he asked.

"Mexican mongrel"—she repeated—"I—I do not understand"—she raised her head proudly—"I am a Mexican and I am proud—glad of it. Spain is my grandmother, for I, too, come from the comrades of kings. But Mexico is my country, and the pride of the Aztecs is behind her. My people have suffered and died for her, and, please God, my children shall do likewise. Some day she will be mighty—great. Though her soil be stained with blood, it shall not have been spilt in vain. I am a Mexican!—and you call me mongrel. Her eyes burned with defiance and her lips curled with scorn. "You say you love me, and you call me dog—the child of curs. My father was the son of a grand duke of Spain; my mother, the daughter of a civilization far surpassing your own. Oh, you love—nay, touch me not—my pride is as great as thine own."

Larrado stood back from her.

"Señorita Merracado, you understand that I must have time to consider a Mexican! I should drop thee down as I would an infected thing, and yet—I love thee. Thou art beautiful, Amapola Mia—in thy anger as in thy love. Scornful—Oh, how I should like to tame thee—crush thee—break thy heart for the words thou hast flung at me—and still I love thee, wonder flower, Mexican."

She stamped her foot impetuously.

"I regret that I am so unworthy a subject for your love," she cried, and started toward the cloister. Larrado stepped in front of her.

"Marquita mia, meet me tomorrow by the eucalyptus trees on the hill at twilight," he begged.

"Perhaps." She took the rose from her hair and gave it to him. "That is for memory," she said, and she passed into the shadows and out of sight. Larrado heard her singing softly *La Goldendrina*.

The next day, when the distant hills were purple with mist, and the distant sea was a ribbon of gold, Don Larrado turned his horse toward the trysting place. He rode through fields of poppies and nodding purple lupin. A salt breeze blew fresh from the ocean, and over all there hung a hush broken only by the call of quail or a meadow lark's song. Throughout the darkness of the night and the sunlit day he had pondered—struggling between pride and love, and at last he had made his decision. The breeze, the fields, the bird's song all seemed good to him, for he was young and he loved. His heart sang within him, and the world seemed to be burnished gold. He came to the sloping hillside and mounted to the appointed meeting place. The sun was low in the west. Patiently he waited until it had slipped behind the horizon and a cold mist had risen from the sea, wrapping the universe in its vague arms. Each drifting wreath bound closer to Larrado's heart a nameless dread. In vain he waited. Marquita did not come. At last he went away. Day after day he returned, waiting until the light faded. He dreaded to enter the sunlit fields where

the meadow larks jeered, and the poppies laughed and taunted him in his misery.

On a spring evening a little more than two years later, Don Larrado Del Verre rode through the fields of poppies and lupin that, in the light of a crescent moon, seemed like ghosts of their brilliant selves. The sky was low and seemed a blue black mantle pinned with stars. As he rode, Larrado sang *La Goldendrina*. He dismounted at San Juan Capistrano and went into the patio. It was filled with the fragrance of roses and moonlight, and the song of a mocking bird. Padre Bernadino was sitting on one of the rough benches, deep in thought. When he heard Larrado's step on the cloister pavement, he asked him to join him. For some time they sat in silence, wrapt in the wonder of the night and then, quite suddenly, Padre Bernadino spoke:

"Larrado, thou knowest that my love for thee is true."

Larrado made an exclamation of surprise.

"But surely—why do you ask?"

"Today, Larrado, a letter comes from the holy Madre of the Carmelite Convent of the Bleeding Heart in Mexico City. For the past year there has been in that convent a novice who has recently taken the final vows. In registering she gave her name as Marquita Margot Merracado."

Larrado sat long without moving, without speaking. Padre Bernadino began to wonder at his silence. At last Larrado stirred—

"Marquita—mia," he whispered, "Amapola de California—a swallow in a prison—a poppy in darkness."

He sighed and buried his face in his hands. From far away came the haunting strains of *La Goldendrina*—the song of a swallow with a broken wing, and a lover with a broken heart.

WHEN IN ROME

A One-Act Play by Rosemary Ames

CHARACTERS

BOB GARFIELD—A modern youth, not extreme, however, in his application of modern methods to his real ideals. One of his hobbies, odd to relate, is the perusal of all books concerning the Elizabethan period. He is tall, with rather dreamy eyes.

SIR ROBERT DUDLEY (Kenilworth)—A typical gentleman of Elizabeth's time.

KITTY CHICHESTER—An ultra-modern maiden, whose ideals, which are somewhat few and far between, she usually keeps to herself.

LADY AMY ROBSART (Kenilworth)—A typical lady of Elizabeth's time.

TOGO—A Jap butler.

The first scene is laid in Bob's study, in a city some place in America. The right curtain only is pulled for this scene, giving this effect—when the lights are turned off, in the first part of the play, the other half of the curtain is pulled, and the first half closed, revealing an old English garden at twilight.

(Bob is seen sitting in a Morris chair, his gaze directed toward the ceiling. He holds a large book limply in his right hand. The only light is that which comes from a standing lamp at his side.)

Bob—Lucky old Sir Walter Raleigh! I bet he wasn't ever worried about how much of his 99% Bourbon his lady-love would drink before he could stop her—it's no laughing matter, though! Modern girls are getting too modern. Personally, I wish Kitty were a little less free and easy. I don't know whether to marry her or not. Come to think of it, I haven't asked her yet—not so sure I will, either. I'd give a lot (his head falls back and his voice gets drowsy) to know a girl who wasn't such a good sport, perhaps, yet one who demanded a little more respect from a man—I wouldn't mind doing—well, I guess Kitty will wake me up when she comes—hope so—maybe.

(Lights grow even dimmer, interval of a few moments, a soft knock is heard at the door, and a gentleman of the perfect type of the Elizabethan period enters. Bob opens his eyes, sees the man, and starts to rise. The stranger motions him to

keep his seat, and then flourishes his hat, at the same time bowing deeply.)

Stranger—Kind sir, do not bestir yourself, nor be alarmed at my sudden and, perhaps, untimely appearance. My mission, sir, is harmless, and I shall quickly relieve you of my loathsome presence after I have unburdened myself. In short, I, Sir Robert Dudley, am come from the Heaven of Famous Book Characters, for know ye, sir, there is such a place for those who have shown themselves worthy. There is no distinction of race or creed. Why, kind sir, Iago himself is there, and often have I seen him and Sherlock Holmes grow ribald over a glass of ale. For the villain lives not the life in heaven that he lived in his book, but all is merriment and friendliness. But—I wander—(steps forward) to return, I am here, sir, to find out if a maid in a modern book should become famous and great enough to have a place in heaven—should we admit her? Will her fame endure, as has Juliet's? Or will she become merely a memory? I would like, indeed, to know. Methinks, sir, I should like well to see a female who did not blush at mention of the word garter or leg. Convention is quite ridiculous, is it not, sir? (Bob has warmed up by this time and is more at ease.)

Bob—Sir Robert, I must admit you flatter me in asking my opinion concerning the modern girl. Frankly, I wish I could give you the inside dope on her. But—I say—(looks at watch) within fifteen minutes the girl I might marry is coming here, and——

Sir R. (interrupting)—A lady here? Pray, sir, is it the custom? Is she respectable, and the type I want?

Bob—Come down off your high horse, old chap. It isn't as bad as that. I've been ill, and she drops in to see me when the spirit moves her. Rather decent of her, I think; though, as you say, the idea is somewhat original. As I was saying, Kitty is coming and (Bob starts, goes up to stranger, looks at him closely,

then goes to mirror in back and looks at his own face). That's queer! Do you know that you look a great deal like me? See here—I've got a brilliant idea—look (starts to take off his dressing gown).

Sir R.—Pray wait, kind sir, you have told me naught as yet, and——

Bob (interrupting)—That's just what I'm telling you! Here, put on my gown. She'll be here any minute now (starts to undress bewildered Sir R.). You won't have to talk. She loves to listen to herself, and you can easily get all the desired information you want by **listening** to her talk for ten minutes. If she asks you what's the matter, point to your head, your mouth, anything. She'll catch on, and believe implicitly that your head is aching, or your throat is sore, and it will give her a wonderful excuse to talk about herself some more. (All this time Bob has been taking off his shoes and stockings, and has been putting them on Sir R., who tries to walk and cannot gracefully). My Lord! don't walk like a stick; see—like this (demonstrates). (Sir R. tries to imitate and has a great deal of trouble.) There! that's better. You just need practice. Now, Sir Robert, will you do **me** a favor?

Sir R.—Gladly; I am at your service, sir.

Bob—I have always had the desire to see an English lady of your period. Perhaps I am somewhat old-fashioned myself at times, yet it must be rather interesting to meet a woman who has a little self-respect and modesty—one who **demand**s courtesy from a man. You, sir, must have just such a one in your heaven that I might see. I could dress myself in your clothes, and perhaps **she** would do most of the talking! Can't you possibly arrange a meeting? (Sir R. looks perplexed, then his face lightens.)

Sir R.—Indeed, sir, now you speak of it, Lady Amy will meet your needs quite perfectly. The moment before this—this Kitty shall arrive, close your eyes and you will be transported into

Lady Amy's presence. At the same time, I may be seeing this damsel K-Kitty, and when she leaves (quickly) you are sure she will not stay more than ten minutes?

Bob—Positive! When she sees that I'm—or rather, **you**—aren't sociable, she'll say she won't be bored, and dash off. Just keep cool, and let her talk. That's my only advice to you. (All this time Bob has been getting into Sir Robert's clothes, and is just as awkward as Sir R. was.)

Sir R.—Kind sir, I thank you for your aid. You will be charmed with Lady Amy. Such a beauty—one of Queen Elizabeth's favorites (waxing dramatic). More duels have been fought over her hand than there were ships in the Armada. You can compare her to a summer's day, the perfume of lilacs brought to you lightly on a May breeze—perfect—in fact, she is my betrothed, and——

Bob (interrupting)—I admit as far as looks go, you have to hand it to Kitty, she is one knockout! And has without exception the fastest line in this city!

Sir R.—Line, sir? Ah, perhaps you refer to her figure.

Bob (laughing)—Not by a long shot! Though I admit she's not lacking there. No, by line I mean, well, she makes you feel that you're the King of England.

Sir R.—Long live the King! Not King, sir, our gracious sovereign is Elizabeth.

Bob—Figuratively, old fellow; merely a figure of speech. To continue, she dances like a streak, rides like a trooper, and though she has been to fifteen proms., her rep. is pretty good, notwithstanding.

Sir R.—Sir? I don't catch your meaning.

Bob (impatiently)—I mean, considering all things, she has a pretty good name.

Sir R.—Kitty? Er—yes, I should say rather odd.

Bob—No, no! I don't mean that! I mean her reputation is good, although she has been to fifteen big college functions.

Sir R.—Of course! what a buffoon am I! (Aside) Females in college function? I fear I am at a loss to comprehend this, this fellow. (Bob fussing with sword which continually gets between his legs. Doorbell rings. Bob jumps.)

Bob—That must be Kitty! Now, don't talk, just keep your head. I'm going to close my eyes.

(Stage dark a moment, then dim. Sir R. is seen sitting in chair in exact attitude in which we first saw Bob. Chinese servant ushers in Kitty, who is very modern and breezy, dressed stylishly, if a bit extremely.)

Kitty—Hello, old scout! See—look what mother's brought you! I just put one over on Doc Davis—said I had a sick cousin who was violently in need of some good stuff. Look what the old codger gave me (takes out a bottle that looks very suspicious). I'll get Togo to fix us a couple of highballs, shall I? (Rings bell, then goes over to chair.) Poor baby! Had a nassums cold, didn't him? (Sir R. takes Bob's advice and points rather timidly to his throat. Kitty nods her head, and puts finger over her lips.) That's right. Mustn't talk. I'll entertain both of us. (Jap. servant comes to door.)

Togo—You ring, Missie Chiches?

Kitty—Yes, Togo. Fix us a couple of highballs, will you. (Hands bottle to Togo.) Half and half for me. Regular for Mr. Bob. Good stuff, too, Togo. Mind you don't take any. (Both laugh. Exit Togo. Kitty turns to Bob.)

Kitty—Where are your cigarettes, Bob? Don't answer! Anyhow, I've found them. I left mine at the club last night. (Sits on table, showing legs rather freely. Sir Robert's expression of agony.) You missed a rare party there, Bob. All the men were tight after two o'clock. We all hopped in the car at six-thirty, and drove over to Jack's for breakfast (increasing expression of bewilderment on part of Sir R.). I drove—per usual—I wouldn't trust my Cad to my best friend; no, not even

you, Bobbie. (Runs over to him, and playfully taps his cheek; no response in any way from Sir R. Togo enters with tray and two glasses. Kitty runs and gets them, hands one to Sir R., who tries to get up, but Kitty pushes him back in his chair.) No, you sit still! Let's drink to, say, your speedy return—(Sir R. interrupts with "Would'st that could be true")—to health. (Kitty frowns.) Don't spring any of that "would'st thou" stuff on me. You're terribly unsociable tonight, even for a dumb man. You haven't even offered to kiss me. You look as if you didn't even know who I was. Do wake up! (Sir R.'s expression is one of pitiful sufferings.) Well, Dick is waiting downstairs. I told him that if you didn't propose to me tonight I'd accept him. I've given you your last chance, so good-bye for good. (Picks up gloves and purse from table and walks briskly to door, then hesitates and turns.) Well, I'll be back in fifteen minutes to give you one more chance. (Exit. Sir Robert starts to rise, puts hand to head and falls back limply into chair.)

(Lights off. Right curtain is pulled. Scene changes to an old English garden, at twilight. Bob is seen standing with a rather dazed expression on his face. Enter a beautiful lady through arch.)

Lady A.—Ah, my lord, I find you here at last! (Bob turns and, on seeing her, tries to bow, but sword rams him in the stomach and he is prevented from bowing. At the same time he mutters something that sounds like, "Damn this sword.") I have searched the whole garden for you and yet you hid from me! The offense is great. My lord, you are not upon your knees! You have not doffed your cap—in truth, methinks you forget yourself. Not a word (though Bob had not even essayed to speak). I have much on my mind and this is but a trifle, but if again it occurs I shall no longer remain your betrothed. I have witnessed such a painful sight this day. My servant did cut

her finger but an hour ago, and I, sir, was forced to tie it up! Il But, no matter—in truth, I all but swooned at sight of the blood. If I had fallen, I would have bruised myself quite badly, of a surety! (Hesitates) Sir Robert, you are not even compassionate. In troth, I do not like your attitude. Nor do I like the way in which you gaze upon me. But, to continue, pray think upon my bravery! My lord, I did touch a horse's nose today. 'Twas brown and wondrous soft. Are you not proud of me? And again, indeed I blush at the thought, on descending from my coach this morn a gentle wind did rise, quite unexpectedly, I assure you, I—I tell you this only because you are my betrothed, and—my dainty ankle did protrude one tiny bit! I did blush quite rosy, though there was none to see! And—even now you do not speak!—I no longer am your truly beloved. My womanly wiles seem to have no effect. So (curtseys) I shall bid you adieu—forever (walks briskly to gate, hesitates, then turns). However, in case you care to atone for your insults, I shall meet you near yonder fountain in a quarter of the time it takes an hour glass to empty! (Exit. Bob goes to stone bench and sits down weakly.)

(Lights off. Other curtain is pulled and scene shifts to Bob's study again. The two men are seen standing in the center, dressed in their right clothes.)

Bob (disgustedly)—I never saw such a woman! Was furious because I didn't fall all over myself for her! Almost fainted because somebody else cut their finger—blushed because her **ankle** showed! Before I'd every marry a girl like that! Whew! (wipes forehead). Now, take Kitty; oh, before I forget, your lady love said she'd meet me, I mean you, by the fountain in fifteen minutes.

Sir R.—I beg of you, sir, to refrain from such language concerning Lady Amy. Indeed, sir, I hardly see where **you**, sir, have cause to make bold concerning the faults of **Lady Amy**! Why, this

Kitty creature of yours, such a brazen hussy, so vulgar, so profane, she revelled in immodesty! I was intangled in, what you call her—line, I choke still. I thank the Heavenly Father that my lady is in no way like her. And, now, indeed, I must run to warn the good saint who guards our heaven, to waylay the modern girl should she attempt to enter. (Walks quickly to door, turns.) This Kitty did say she was returning in fifteen minutes to offer you but one more opportunity to press your suit. (Sir R. kisses fingers to an unseen figure, and exits with "Lady Amy, I come.")

Bob—The jackass! What did he mean? Press my suit! I'm no tailor! Perhaps old Walter Raleigh can help me. Let's see—(sits in chair, with book, lights off).

(Lights on, Bob lying in chair asleep, doorbell rings, he wakes up as Kitty runs into the room, he jumps up and goes to her.)

Bob—Kitty, sweetheart, that old fool, you didn't let him influence you, did you?

Kitty—I'm sure I don't know what you're talking about! Are you sure you're feeling better? (Touches his forehead; he takes her hand.)

Bob—Perhaps you can explain, dear. He told **me** that you told **him** that I had better press my suit right away, as this was my last chance. What did the old codger mean? Anyhow, I'm pressing my suit now.

Kitty—Press your suit? Bob, dearest, it's been "yes" ever since I've known you.

Bob—Do you mean to tell me that I've asked you to marry me? (Light dawns.) God bless Sir Robert after all! (takes her in his arms).

Kitty (demurely)—Now about pressing your suit, dear; let Togo do it for you tomorrow; he knows more about it and, anyhow, the creases will be worse—later (kiss)!

FINIS.

MEMORY

When the great molten, fiery, golden globe
Men call the sun shall be dead, frozen, chill,
When planets tremble, and the earth stands still,
And the moon casts aside her silver robe,
And all the universe is wrapped in dead,
Eternal, cold, unbreathing, sightless dark,
When the last glow has faded, the last spark
Grown dim, the last faint sign of life is fled,
When all the ways unceasing man has trod
For countless centuries shall be no more,
When words mean nothing—words like love, and war,
And man the mighty is become a clod,
Then, when all this is come, then it may be
That I, perchance, may lose your memory.
—Josephine Hopkins.

NIGHTFALL

The shining surface of the lake is still,
The rose and purple clouds cast their soft glow,
And every island, every silent hill
Is bathed in color, as the shadows grow;
The brilliant sky becomes more dim; the light
Fades slowly, and the whippoorwills' sad lay
Seems to lament the coming of the night
That drives away the glory of the day.
The shy stars come out one by one, and gaze
At their reflections in the crystal pool;
The filmy whiteness of the evening haze
Touches the mountain sides with fingers cool;
And now the full moon with her mellow light
Drives forth each haunting spectre of the night.
—Catherine Howell.

SENIOR HOUSEWARMING

To be sure that all new girls should receive a proper and elaborate initiation into the gay social life of our famous school for girls, the Seniors entertained most engagingly at a housewarming on October the 13th. The main objects of this social interview with the school drudges, the august Seniors, is to eat as much as is possibly polite, write usually pointless remarks in their memory books, and pretend to be entertained. The evening was delightfully spent in hurrying from room to room and making some helpful friends—both with the old and new girls. It furnished an appropriate and delicate ending to the fag week, and peace and amiability were again restored between the Senior and Junior classes.

FAG WEEK

The class of Twenty-four, consisting of sixteen stalwart Seniors, viewed with dismay the prospect of fagging forty-two Junior candidates and of impressing them sufficiently with their assumed importance. On October tenth they roused them, according to the stricken candidates, at an unearthly hour. On the twelfth they were released, and permitted to live in peace under the name of '25—having served the Seniors with great activity and efficiency during those days of tribulation.

THE HALLOWE'EN PARTY

On Wednesday eve we started down
For tea house, when the bell rang six.
Our coats we took for we would sup
And not come up till time to fix
Ourselves for bed; and how we ran,
We were afraid of goblins sly,
Who would waylay us in the trees
When we did pass and hurry by.

Upon arrival we sat down,
And wondrous food was handed us
On paper plates, with coffee brown,
Which was so hot we all did fuss.
Then doughnuts came and, with them, tales
Of ghosts and spirits of this night,
Which did bring out so many wails
That they were stopped—we left in fright.
Oh, that trip home—I'll ne'er forget,
From every shadow we did flee.
I close my eyes and may see yet
Those pixies hopping out at me.
For us to please ourselves with dance
At last, the gym loomed big and bright,
The form of Mary Cunningham
Our own jazz band did bring to light,
Then someone clapped her hands and said,
"I'm sure we vote the hour late,"
It was Miss Cole; so to our rooms
We went in tired but happy state.
—Cherry Stephenson.

MRS. SOMERS'S BIRTHDAY

The fifth of November is a day which is treasured in our hearts as one of the most charming and impressive days of our school year. It is then that the new girls catch their first intimate glimpse of Mrs. Somers, and the old girls eagerly look forward to being with her again and listening to her voice. It is one of the greatest inspirations possible to feel that we have been permitted to see her, and to know her even slightly.

THE FACULTY-SENIOR GAME

Although several real basket-ball games were played, the great game of the year came on November twenty-first. The final game may be thrilling and spectacular, but the Faculty-Senior game will always be **the** game of '24.

After the challenge had been accepted, everyone was trying to guess which of the Faculty had made the team. Who was to be the jumping center?—Miss Hempstead or Miss Guard? And who on earth would be the guards? Meanwhile, great preparations were going on among the Faculty. A mysterious figure in black corduroy knickers was seen sneaking out to practice with a tennis racquet. Several other members suddenly developed a great love for the out-of-doors—tennis was never so popular before; it really was amazing to see how many illustrious members of the Faculty acquired the "bug".

At last the day dawned, crisp and bright. Uncanny warblings issued from behind closed doors at odd moments, and unknown preparations were going on within. WHO was borrowing safety-pins? At three o'clock the home team—the Seniors—appeared on the field but where, oh! where, was the Faculty? Finally they hove in sight, and such a team we shall never see on this earth again. All were shrouded in pale green hoods—why green? Perhaps they felt their ignorance and were acknowledging themselves as rookies, or perhaps they were impersonating the long-suffering Juniors—who knows? They all wore trousers of different colors and descriptions. A few deserve special attention. Miss Ritchie appeared in the magnificent striped bloomers of a harem, Madame Daloz was irreproachable in green, but Miss Churchyard's outfit capped the climax. Oh, long khaki trousers, where did you come from, and where have you gone? Are you worn out from carrying a long pair of legs so brilliantly over the field of battle? May you rest on your laurels in peace!

The playing matched the costumes of the players to perfection. The centers were really remarkable and **so** helpful—they assisted the guards, and they aided the forwards. Try to guard them yourself and you were left far behind. What could be more striking than to see the jumping-center make a beautiful basket from the side, or to see the side-center beautifully master a free throw? One of the guards is regarded as a suspicious character. Such strength as hers has only been found among prize-fighters or perhaps baseball pitchers. Who is there, beside her, who can hurl a ball so easily from one goal to another? Such team work and such passing—I don't believe that the **assistant** guard had her hands on the ball once. Of course that statement is open to argument.

But what about the Seniors? Didn't they play? Yes, indeed, and very brilliantly, handicapped by the skull-caps and gloves presented to them by the Faculty—remnants of Fag Week. Only one cap was lost and that was because a worthy forward, in her excitement, pulled it from the head of her guard. However such little "faux pas" are easily forgiven and the Seniors only lost five points by the "accident."

When the game came to a glorious end, the Seniors had won 13-6. The Faculty came out with six more points than had been expected, so everyone was happy—that is to say, all but the Faculty team who came to dinner that night very much the worse for wear. Their arms were in slings, their heads bound up, and their feet swathed in bandages. The Seniors really looked frightened, but they had no reason to worry for their opponents have recovered sufficiently to tell us to write up the game.

Josephine R. Stieren.

"THE GAME" OR A DISSERTATION ON THE FACULTY

" 'Twas in mid-afternoon,"
So the sports column read,
"That the great game was called,
Of which much may be said.
The teams were drawn up
In their fullest array;
All were still with suspense
When the whistle meant Play!

Then a rush and a dash—
The whole faculty sighed,
'Score two for the Seniors,'
The referee cried.
Again the ball soared,
This time it went higher,
Miss Treyz gave a grunt,
So great was her ire.

The tall guard was there
All ready to catch it—
An error was made,
The forward did snatch it.
The scoreboard said 'Four!'
No hope for the teachers;
A yell, 'We want more,'
Rose out of the bleachers.

A bounce here and there
We deemed a new feature
Introduced by our friend,
The psychology teacher.

Then back to the center
The ball flew like a crow,
'Twas caught by Miss Schuster,
And she's not so slow.

So down the long field
Young Diana did sprint;
'New record established,'
Our newspapers hint.
That broke the bad spell,
Their score went a-shooting.
The teachers woke up,
And, oh, such a hooting!

The game was completed.
Score? Thirteen to five!
But the gallant young heroes
Were scarcely alive!
Thus ended the challenge
'Twixt brain power and youth;
It should have been different,
Now, ain't that the truth?"

—Betty Slaughter.

THE CHRISTMAS PARTY

Tuesday evening, of December 18, saw the gymnasium transformed by real Christmas atmosphere. The large Christmas tree drew many a shriek of delight and excitement from the various children. It is here that our servants and their families are entertained by the girls. The play was a presentation of two scenes from "The First Christmas Tree" under the able direction of Miss Churchyard and Miss Treyz. At the close of this, a group of angels sang "The

First Noel." The maids entertained with hymns, and, Irene sang "Joy to the World," and gave a most unusual talk on what Mt. Vernon means to the maids. It is always with the greatest regret that we say good night to our "guests," and every year this party is looked forward to with the most eager anticipation and a true feeling of joy and goodwill.

VALENTINE PARTY

Anticipation is never greater than realization in, at least, one case, that of the M. V. S. Valentine parties. At no other time of the year does everyone enjoy herself so fully as at this time. This year's party which came on the 15th of February was given by the White and Yellow classes, and was even more of a success than last year's. There was a great deal of ingenuity shown in the costumes which comprised those of amorous Valentinos, premier danseuses, old fashioned ladies, dashing "collegiates," smiling senoritas, fierce sheiks, mah jong squares, dainty Pierrettes, and last, but not least, a jack-in-the-box, which was rather unusual due to the fact that Jack had developed a twin. Virginia Roediger in a sweet old-fashioned dress won first place and, incidentally, as prize, an old-fashioned bouquet. Upon request she danced for us, and even the orchestra was heard to exclaim. The jacks-in-the-box, Marie Horst and Harriet Brady, won second place, which decision was most heartily approved by everyone. Refreshments were served at eleven. The decoration of the gymnasium being especially pretty, Miss Cole was so delighted with the whole ensemble that, on the spur of the moment, she sent for photographers from town. The picture of course had to be a flashlight, and several young ladies, or rather, I should say, gentlemen, were adamant in their refusal to keep from stuffing their ears and closing their eyes. The picture was a success, nevertheless, and everybody has one now—a possession which will bring back very happy memories in years to come, I know.

—R. Ames.



THE SENIOR PLAY

The first play of the year, **The Chinese Puzzle**, was presented by the Senior Class of 1924, on the evening of December 9th. The characters included:

Littlepart, a butler	EMILY WHITING
Aimee de Villeseptier	ELVIRA YOUNG
Lady de la Haye	HARRIET PILCH
Sir Roger de la Haye, her son	HARRIET BABCOCK
Naomi Melsham	CATHERINE HOWELL
Armand de Rochecorban	MARGARET MARTIN
The Marquis Chi Lung	BETTY SLAUGHTER
Dr. Fu Yang, his secretary	EMMA RITCHIE
Victoria Cresswell	VIRGINIA DAVISON
Hon. William Horst	ADDISON PELLETIER
Paul Marketel	VIRGINIA JONES
Mrs. Melsham, Naomi's mother	FRANCES SHERMAN
Sir Aylmer Brent	PAULINE SCHODER
Foe Sing, Chinese servant	NATALIE SMITH

This performance, a combination of mystery, tragedy, humor and romance was an intensely interesting one. Each girl seemed well suited to her part. Some exceptionally clever and sincere acting was portrayed. The picture of Catherine Howell, as the lovely Naomi Melsham, will forever live in our memories. She was the epitome of grace, poise and striking personality.

Betty Slaughter, as the mysterious Chi Lung, was a truly genuine Chinaman. Her acting was vivid, forceful and convincing, almost too much so for our own peace of mind.

But the laurels of the evening go to Harriet Babcock, as Sir Roger. Although this was Harriet's first attempt in the field of dramatics, she portrayed the boy's suffering and internal strife with so much realism that our hearts ached for him.

Margaret Martin, as Armand de Rochecorban, introduced a delicious bit of humor, with her fascinating French mannerisms and delightful accent.

Taking all in all, it was an unusually worthwhile play.

THE JUNIOR PLAY

The Juniors presented their class play on the evening of February 22d. Their happy choice was **The Adventures of Lady Ursula**. The characters were:

Sir George Sylvester		ELIZABETH BURGOYNE
The Earl of Hassenden		MARY STRACHAN
The Rev. Mr. Blimboe		PATRICIA HEALY
Mr. Castleton	} His Majesty's Guards	GLADYS KAREL
Mr. Dent		BERENICE MAXWELL
Mr. Marsh		FRANCES KEACH
Mr. Devereaux		MAXINE JENKINS
Sir Robert Clifford		VIRGINIA CARLISLE
Guilton, servant to Lady Ursula		DOROTHY DAVIDSON
Mills, servant to Sir George		MARY MORTON
Servant to Lord Hassenden		VIRGINIA ROEDIGER
Mrs. Fenton, aunt to Dorothy		HELEN CURTIS
Dorothy Fenton		RUTH MARTIN
The Lady Ursula Barrington		ROSEMARY AMES

Indeed the Junior play was a success, and cannot be praised too highly. **The Adventures of Lady Ursula** is in itself an exceedingly clever play, and the actresses made the most of it. Rosemary Ames, as the witty, fascinating Ursula, was a charming revelation. Besides enjoying her acting tremendously, we enjoyed just gazing at her. The costumes she wore were lovely, and well became her fresh beauty. We predict a great future for her on the legitimate stage.

Elizabeth Burgoyne, as the handsome Sir George, a woman hater in the beginning, but one who finally succumbed to the irresistible Ursula, played her rôle with force and skill.

Gladys Karle, as Mr. Castleton, made the most of her part, and was one of the most thoroughly masculine men included in the cast.

There is no other word than "adorable" to describe Ruth Martin as Dorothy Fenton, while Mary Strachan, as the dashing Lord Hassenden, created an indelible impression in the minds of all.

The two elderly personages in the cast, the Rev. Mr. Blimboe (Patricia Healy) and Mr. Fenton (Helen Curtis) were exceedingly

good, and every remark they made was greeted with a burst of laughter.

Indeed, the play was greeted with unusual enthusiasm. It was as intensely exciting and as highly romantic as even the most imaginative of us could wish.

THE WHITE CLASS DRAMATICS

On the eighth of March, the White Class presented two one-act plays and a pantomime. They portrayed some of the most striking examples of Miss Plummer's clever directing. The first was a fascinating and unusual play entitled **Overtone**. The characters included:

Harriet, the overtone	LAURA RANDALL
Hetty, her primitive self	LAURA NEWBURGER
Margaret, the overtone	FLORENCE BIRCH
Maggie, her primitive self	GRACE BRECKINRIDGE

Through the clever interpretation of the girls, the play was beautifully carried out, and proved to be a great success. It was extremely interesting because it was such a true portrayal of human nature.

The White Class chose for its second play **Fourteen**, an amusing comedy which supposedly takes place in New York City. The trials and tribulations of Mrs. Horace Pringle, a woman of fashion in entertaining fourteen for dinner, were delightfully surmounted by Ann Abrahams, who plays the rôle. Eleanor Hayden, as her daughter Elaine, portrayed the debutante type perfectly, while Anne Wilcoxson as Denham, the maid, endeavoring to comply with her mistress' wishes but completely perplexed, was beyond compare.

The Fortune Teller was chosen for the pantomime. There were just two characters: Toinette, a Watteau maid, played by Harriet Brady, and Corrado, a gypsy boy, played by Ann Abrahams. The lovely music (by Mary E. Cunningham) throughout the whole production created a delightful, fanciful atmosphere. The whole thing was gracefully and artistically interpreted. Altogether it was one of the loveliest things done this year, and formed a fitting climax to a delightful evening.

THE YELLOW CLASS PLAY

On the evening of March 22, the Yellow Class presented
A Russian Romance, by Helen Kane. The characters included:

Mlle. Sannom	GENEVIEVE STEWART
Madame Ignatieff	MARTHA DICKERSON
Madame Luvoff	MARJORIE PELL
Mrs. Willner	MIRANDA BOYD
Cynthia	MARY E. HAYWARD
Lorna	JULIA KNOX FOLMAR
Mrs. Tremaine	EMILY EVATT
Lady Grey	MEREDITH LOCKHART
Madame de Fayeuse	ELIZABETH BENNETT
Mrs. Weston	VIRGINIA KAUFMAN
Mrs. Ellet	ELIZABETH DAVISON
Miss de Lorme	BERTHA PLUM
Miss Fairfax	DOROTHY BELL
Lasha, maid at Russian Legation	VIRGINIA WATTS
Hulda, Mrs. Willner's maid	MARIE HORST

Highly delightful and enjoyable, this fascinating play held the interest of its enthusiastic audience from beginning to end. The entire cast was splendid, and the whole performance was carried off with a remarkable ease and smoothness that one does not often find on the amateur stage. This fact is especially noteworthy of praise when it is mentioned that the rôle of Mrs. Willner, which was to have been interpreted by Elizabeth Council, unexpectedly called home, was taken over and learned by Miranda Boyd the very day of the dress rehearsal.

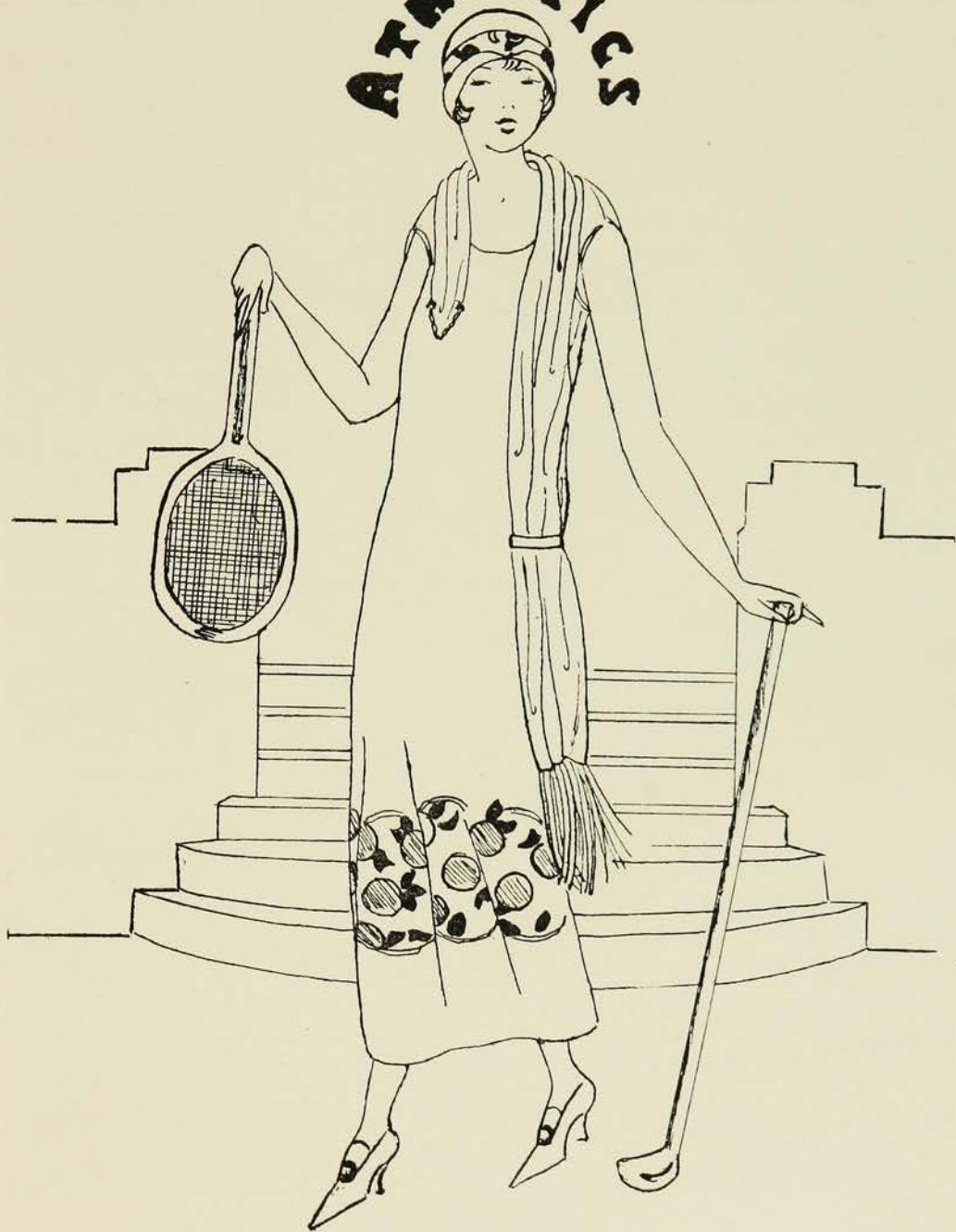
Genevieve Stewart, as Mademoiselle Sannom, victim of a deplorable intrigue, first in Russia and later at the Russian Embassy in Washington, deserves congratulations on an excellent piece of work.

Marjory Pell interpreted the rôle of the suave Russian Countess, with the mature touch of a seasoned actress, while Martha Dickerson portrayed the character of a society matron with charm and grace.

The more tragic moments of the play were cleverly relieved of their intensity by the ingenious comedy introduced by Elizabeth Davison as a gushing, gossip-loving busy-body, and Julia Knox Folmar as the naughty, but irresistible Lorna.

Altogether, **The Russian Romance** was one of the most, if not the most entertaining, play of the entire school year.

ATHLETICS





ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION

Addison Pelletier	President
Mary Strachan	Vice-President
Frances Sherman	Treasurer
Virginia Watts	Secretary

Miss Davis's hard work and enthusiasm plus Miss Cole's willing coöperation have made athletics at M. V. S. take a long stride forward this year. And, thanks to them, the Athletic Association of 1925 will have the opportunity next season of carrying out several new plans. Hereafter, this Association is to have power to handle many affairs pertaining to it. It is also to have its own room wherein the members may withdraw to discuss their plans for the management and improvement of our sports.

The ultimate success which has met every arrangement that has been given trial this year cannot help but have even more successful results in the years to come, and it is with great anticipation that we are looking forward to them.

ATHLETIC CHART

In order that every girl may have an equal chance to win honors in athletics, Miss Davis has started a star system. Each sport has a chart of its own, with a list of technical points which must be passed off. The name of every girl is also on the charts. A blue star is given for each technical point, and when all of these are passed off a gold star is awarded. To receive the final prize of the new athletic medal three-fourths of the technical points of all the sports must be passed off, or all the points for all but one of the sports.

THE BANNER HONOR

The Banner Honor is awarded at the end of each month to the class having the highest athletic average, this average being based on attendance, application, and accomplishment. The athletic banner of the winning class is then hung in the gymnasium for the following month. The class having the highest average for the year will have its banner displayed on the clock balcony during commencement week. March was the first month the honor was awarded, and the Seniors have set us a good example by having their banner the first to be hung in the gymnasium.

HOCKEY

Hockey was ill-fated this year. In the first place, basket-ball took much longer than usual, and in the second the weather was not at all considerate, for it rained every other day. Under such circumstances it is not to be wondered at that we scarcely learned to hold a hockey stick, much less could choose any teams before winter called the sport to an end.

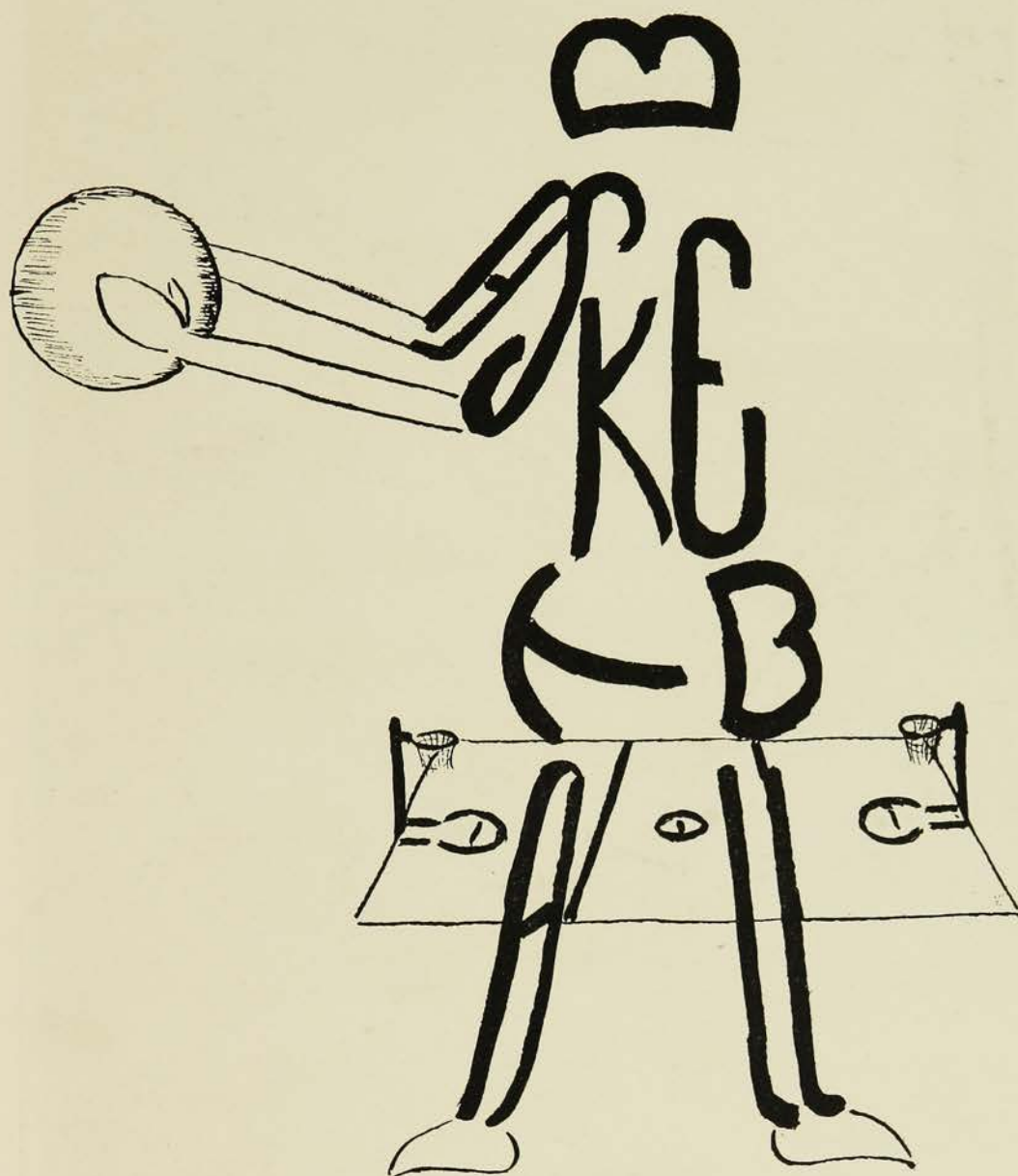
ARCHERY

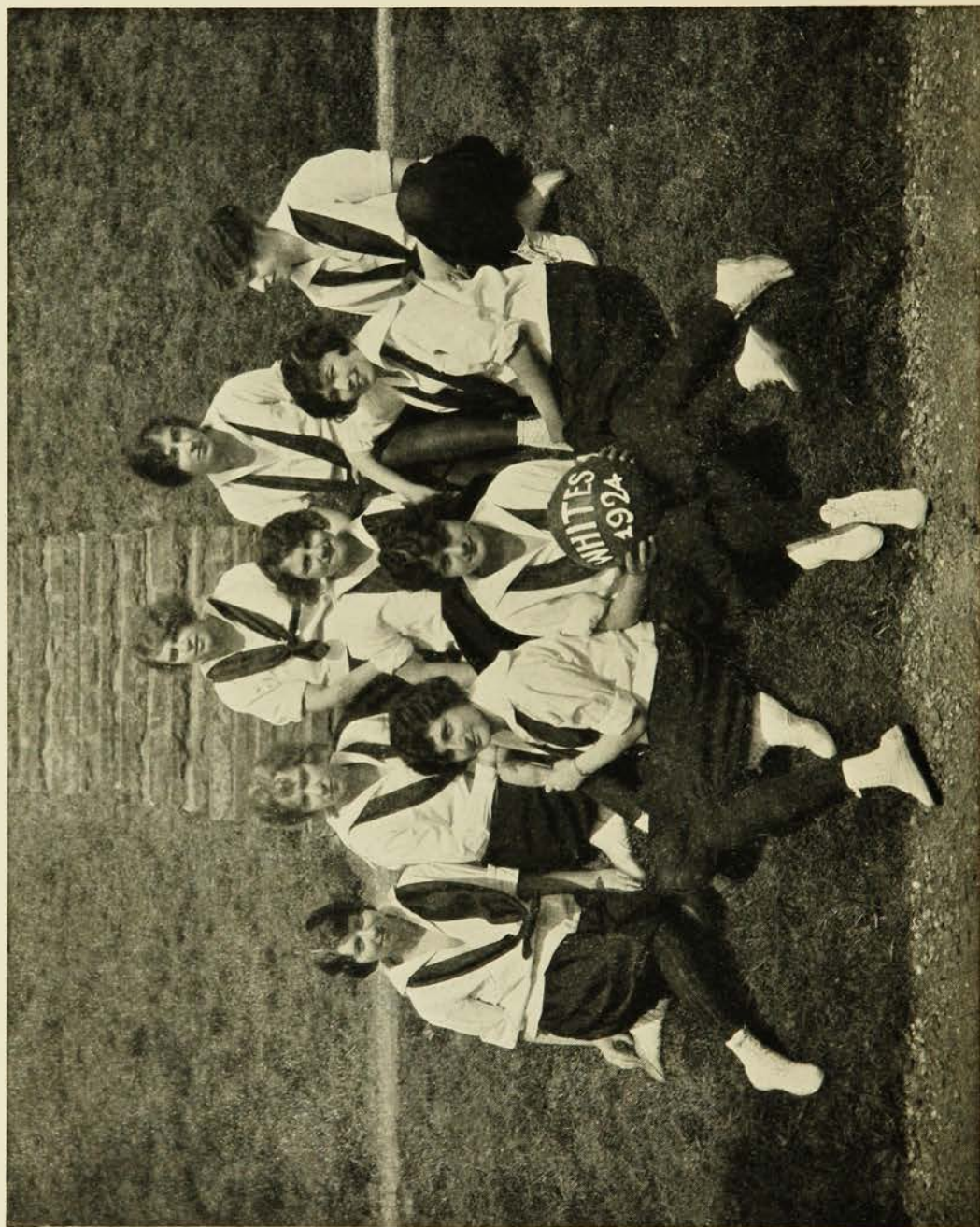
Archery is another sport that we are having this spring. As no one has had any experience before in this line, our first attempts may seem rather humorous to any skilled archer; but give us time! With the practice we are now having, together with the experience and further practice that we shall have during the following year, it is an almost safe promise that by next spring we will have something worth while to show for the patient coaching of Miss Davis in this art.





M. V. S. Granddaughters





BASKET-BALL

Basket-ball this year was most successful, and class spirit was exceptionally good. Miss Davis has proven herself a marvelous coach, and her patience most certainly is a close rival of Job's.

This fall we played only inter-class games, as we were unsuccessful in finding an outside opponent. Arrangements have already been made, however, for a match game next Thanksgiving, and this will arouse even more athletic spirit than the school has had heretofore.

The first games took place on the 26th of November. The Seniors played against the Yellows and the Juniors against the Whites. The teams were as follows:

Seniors.	Yellows.
Addison Pelletier.....	Forward.....
Virginia Jean Jones.....	Forward.....
Frances Sherman.....	Center.....
Harriet Pilch.....	Side-Center.....
Emily Whiting.....	Guard.....
Catherine Howell.....	Guard.....
	Virginia Watts
	Elizabeth Bennett
	Miranda Boyd
	Caroline Brady
	Eleanor Linn
	Virginia Kaufman

In this game the Seniors had more hard luck than was their due, for Catharine Howell was disabled in the first quarter and was unable to again take part. Nineteen-twenty-four played valiantly, however, but the Yellow team was too much for them, and the score was 45-17 in the Yellows' favor.

Juniors.	Whites.
Rosemary Ames.....	Forward.....
Mary Morton.....	Forward.....
Gwendolyn Atwood.....	Center.....
Ruth Martin.....	Side-Center.....
Anne Miller.....	Guard.....
Mary Strachan.....	Guard.....
	Fay Brigham
	Mary Cunningham
	Eleanor Hayden
	Harriet Brady
	Ann Abrahams
	Laura Newburger

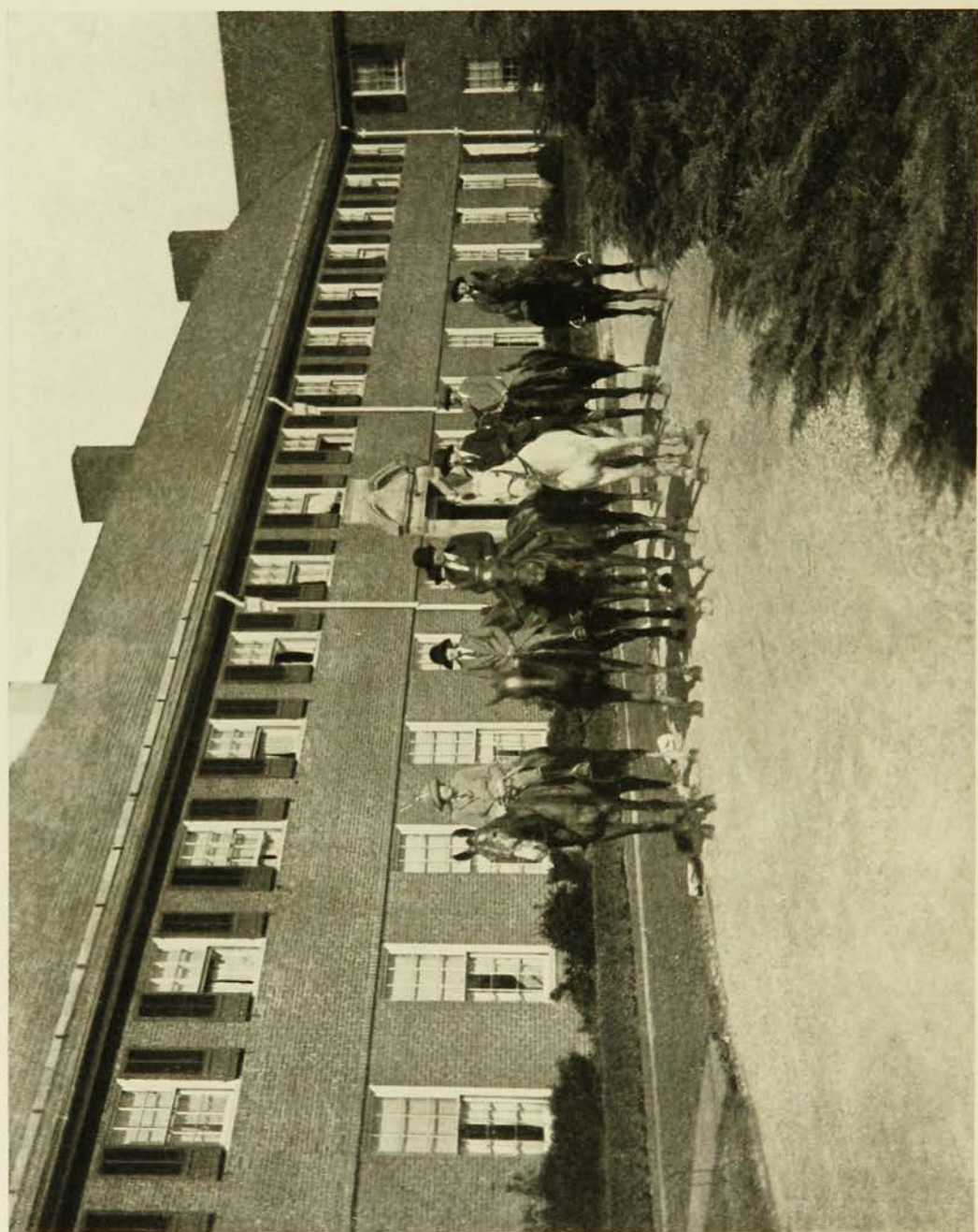


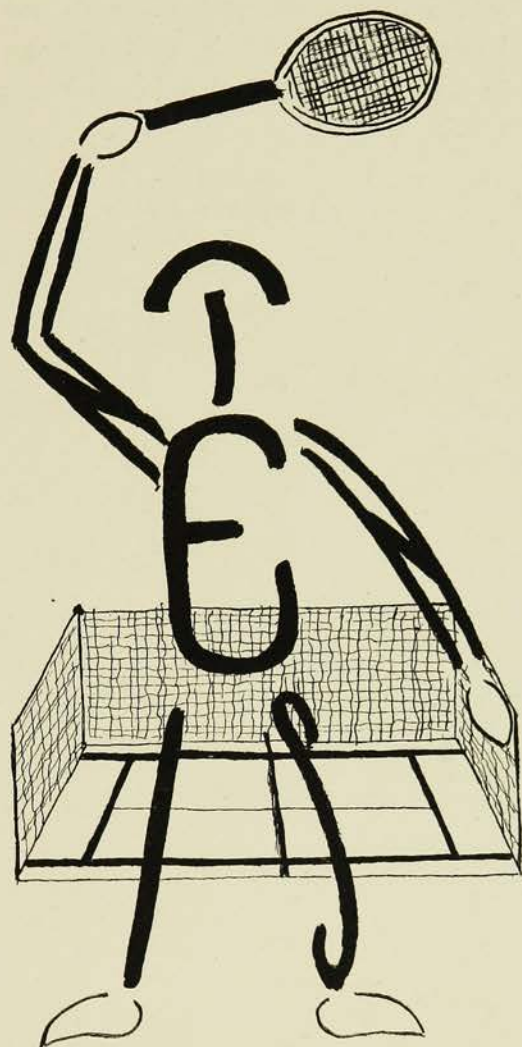
The Junior-White game was one of the best contests of 1923. Each side fought hard, but the Whites proved too strong a match for their opponents and the game ended in their favor with a score of 22 to 19.

The final match between the Yellows and Whites was the closest and most exciting game of the year. The score remained a tie until the end of the third quarter, when the Whites were ahead. But at this point the Yellows played harder than ever, and the score once more became a tie; luck, however, seemed to favor the Whites, for they made an extra point before the whistle blew, making the score 25-24 in the Whites' favor.

GOLF

This is another sport that we are really going to have this spring. The putting green is to be made during the Easter vacation, and we are to be able to drive to it from different parts of the grounds. As Miss Cole does not deem it advisable to lengthen our vacation in order to let the grass grow for our green, we shall have to be content with a hard dirt one for the present, but this will make us appreciate all the more the grass green that will be awaiting us next fall.



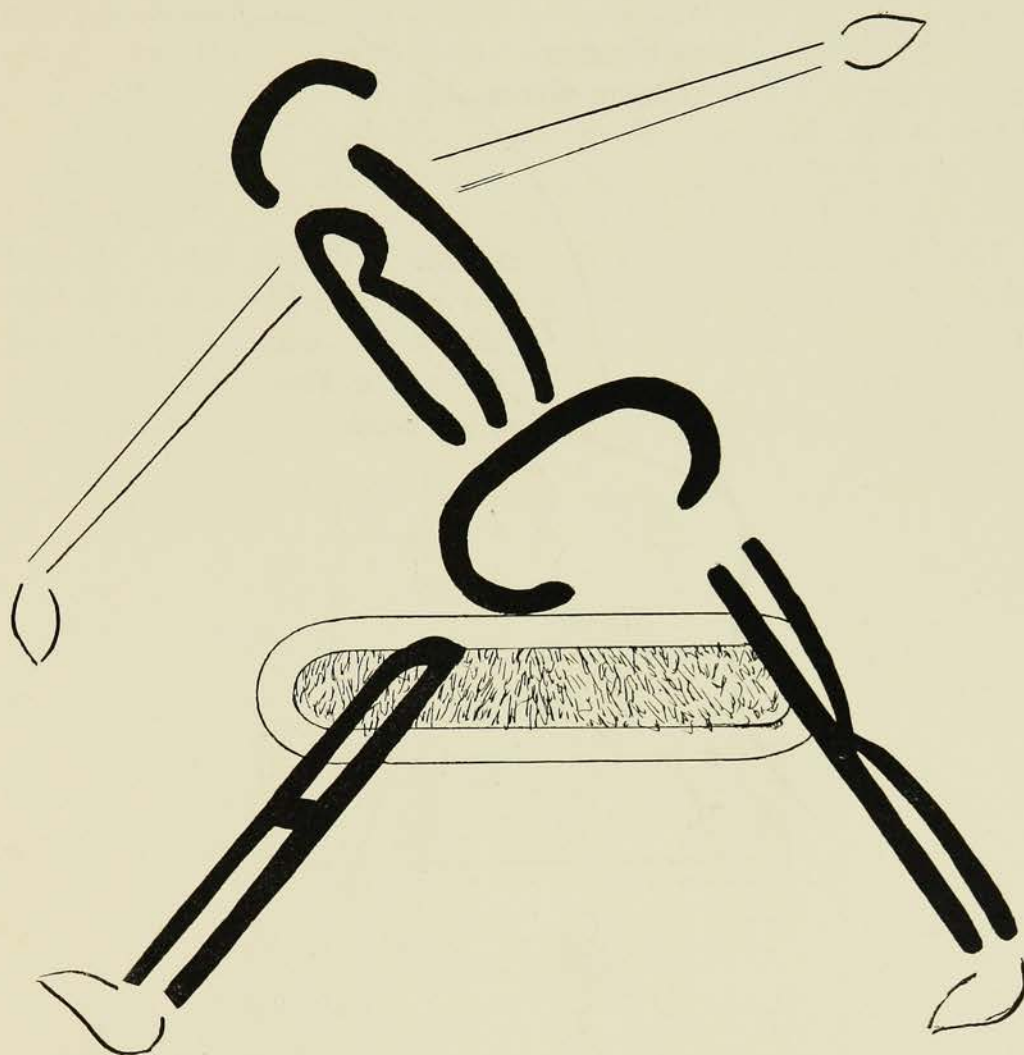


TENNIS

The tennis tournament of 1923 was won by Marian Gaffney, a member of the Junior Class. The Junior double team of Marian Gaffney and Emily Whiting were victorious in the doubles. They received individual silver cups for this, and Marian received a large cup for the single in addition to the school tennis cup.



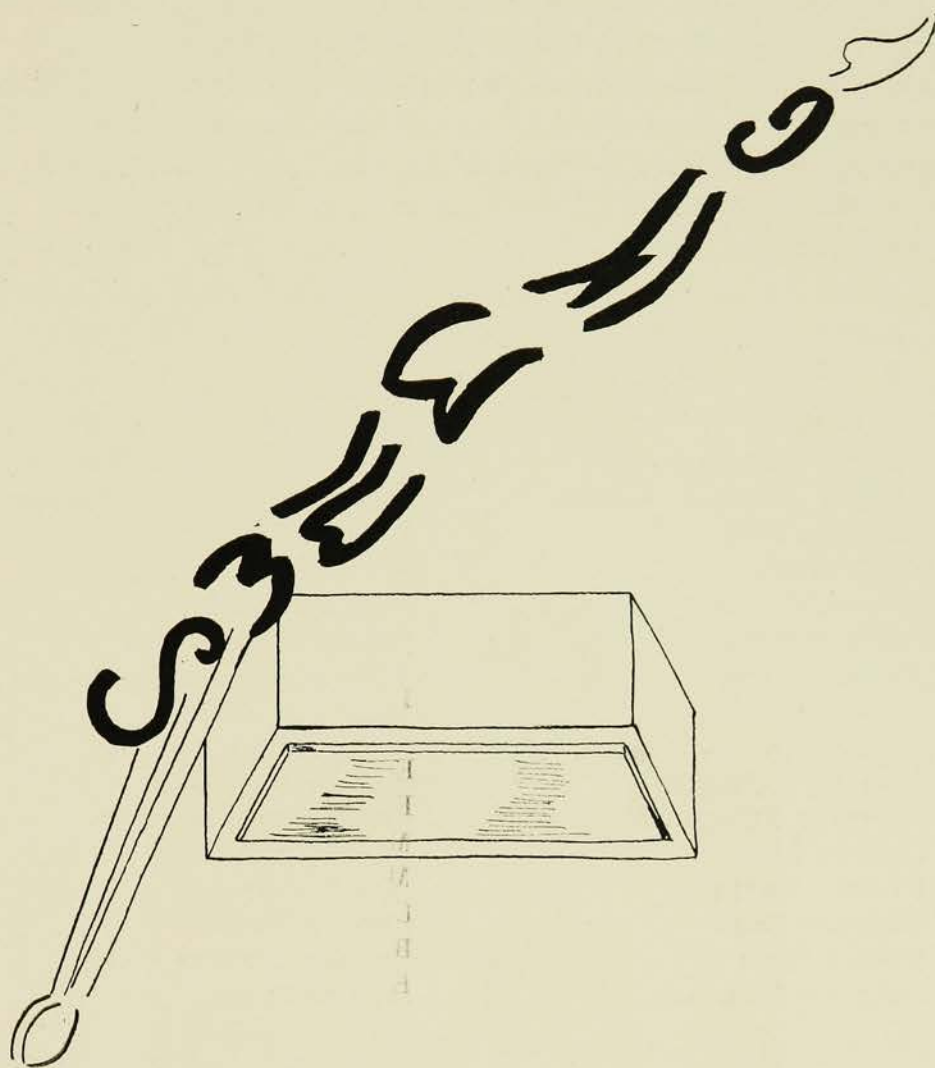
"Gay"



TRACK MEET

The closing contest of the year was the Track Meet, May 12. The 100-yard dash was won by Arla Avery, who broke the record—time 11 1-5 seconds, with Helen Haugan, second. Arla Avery won the 50-yard dash, Helen Haugan second, Anne Miller, third. In the javelin throw, Helen Haugan placed first, with a throw of 57 feet, 11½ inches; Marian Gaffney, second, 50 feet, 9 inches; Christine McKelvy, third. Marian Gaffney also won the baseball and basketball throws, 142 feet, and 63 feet, 6 inches. Arla Avery placed second in the basketball, 57 feet, and Marie Wilcox, third. Second place in the baseball throw was won by Mary Strachan, 127 feet, 3 inches, Christine McKelvey winning third, with 119 feet. The inter-class relay race was won by the Junior Team, White, second, Yellow, third. The final score gave the meet to the Juniors.





SWIMMING

The Swimming Meet this year took place Saturday night, March 15. Unfortunately, the balcony above the pool does not allow for many spectators, so, with the exception of a very few, the entire school was forced to await the results outside.

This year the points won are to go towards the class record instead of towards that of the individual, as has been done heretofore. The Yellows again had the winning team, having a final score of 461, the Juniors second, with 355; the Seniors and Whites receiving 348 and 332 respectively.

The teams were as follows

Seniors.

ADDISON PELLETIER, *Captain*
FRANCES SHERMAN, *Manager*
HARRIET PILCH
EMILY WHITING
CHARLOTTE GATES
POLLY SCHODER
EMMA RITCHIE

Yellows.

VIRGINIA WATTS, *Captain*
ELIZABETH BENNETT, *Manager*
ELEANOR LINN
BARBARA MILLER
MARJORIE PELL
BERTHA PLUM
MEREDITH LOCKHART

Juniors.

FRANCES KEACH, *Captain*
GWENDOLYN ATWOOD, *Manager*
VIRGINIA CARLISLE
HORTENSE COYLE
DOROTHY FULTON
BEULAH GIBBONS
VIRGINIA ROEDIGER
DOROTHY DAVIDSON

Whites.

ELLA UPPERCU, *Captain*
FAY BRIGHAM, *Manager*
MARY CUNNINGHAM
MAY DUNLAP
LAURA NEWBURGER
BARBARA BUEHLER
HARRIET BRADY

The regular events, with the points won by each class, were:

- | | |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------|
| 1. Competitive Class Drill: | 3. Follow the Leader: |
| Juniors—92 points. | Yellows—100 points. |
| Seniors—88 points. | Seniors—90 points. |
| Yellows—86 points. | Juniors—88 points. |
| Whites—77 points. | Whites—75 points. |
| 2. Race for Speed and Form: | 4. Relay Race: |
| Yellows—175 points. | Yellows—75 points. |
| Whites—165 points. | Juniors—25 points. |
| Seniors—160 points. | |
| Juniors—100 points. | |
| 5. Obstacle Race: | |
| Juniors—50 points. | |
| Yellows—25 points. | |
| Whites—15 points. | |
| Seniors—10 points. | |

A little more excitement was added to the scene by having Caroline Brady fall into the pool. Her rescue was performed by at least three girls. Miss Martin and Miss Carroll came rushing down the steps with orders that she must go up to her room immediately and get some dry clothes on, and "wasn't it strange—she didn't even try to swim up to the top!" This caused quite a bit of amusement among those who knew.



YELLOW CLASS SWIMMING TEAM

VIRGINIA WATTS

ELIZABETH BENNETT

ELEANOR LINN

MEREDITH LOCKHART

BARBARA MILLER

MARJORIE PELL

BERTHA PLUM

11

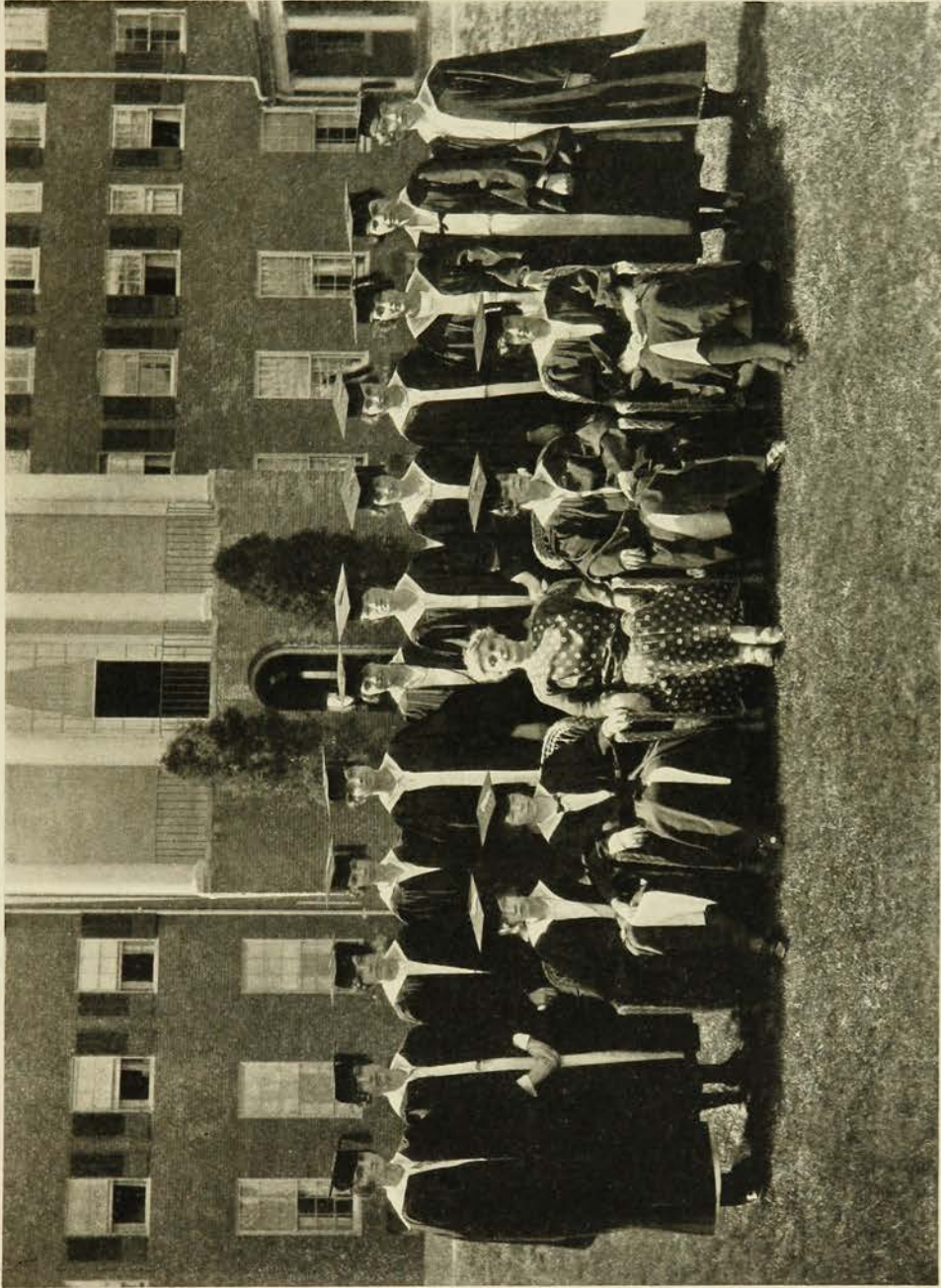
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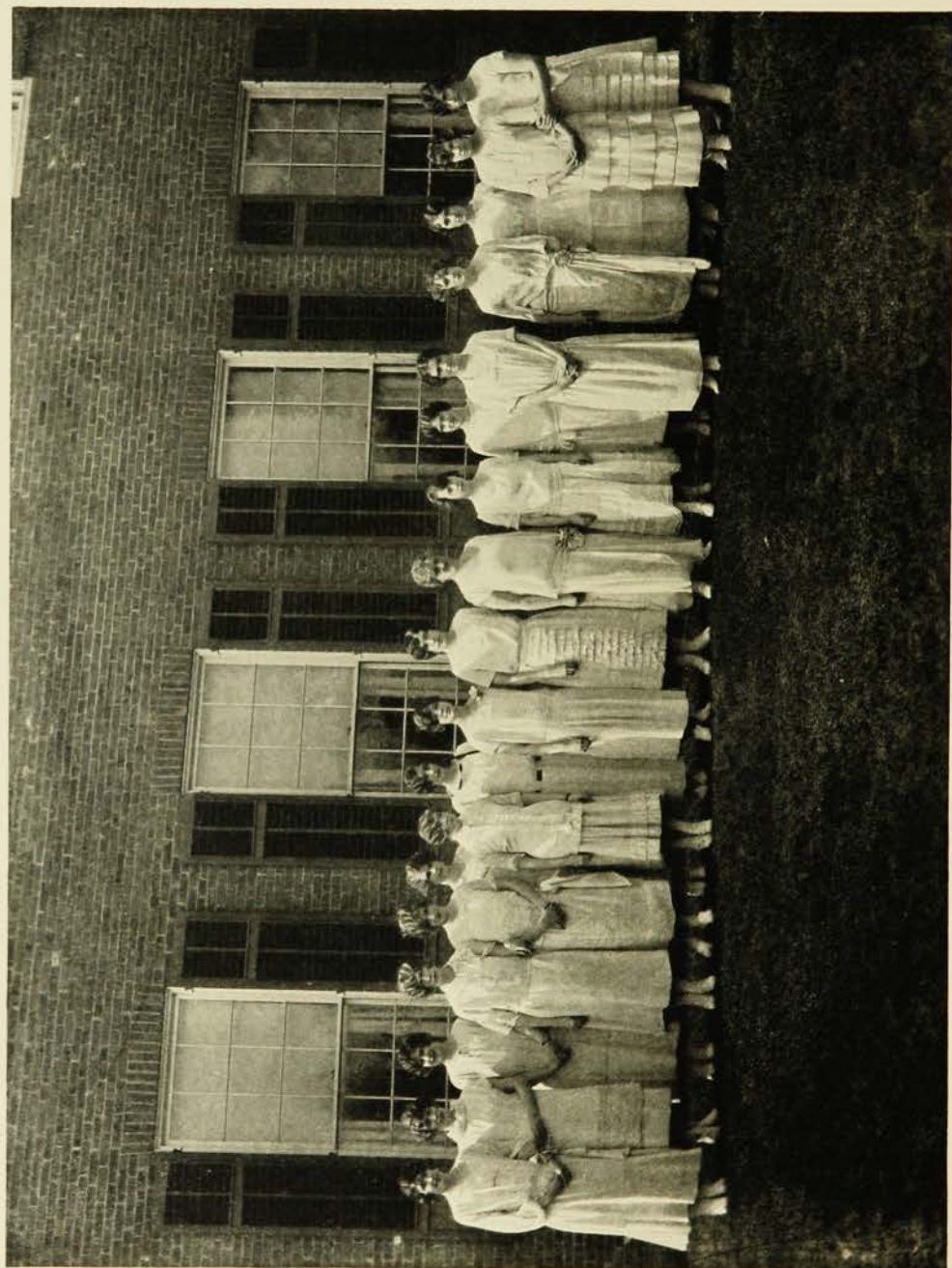
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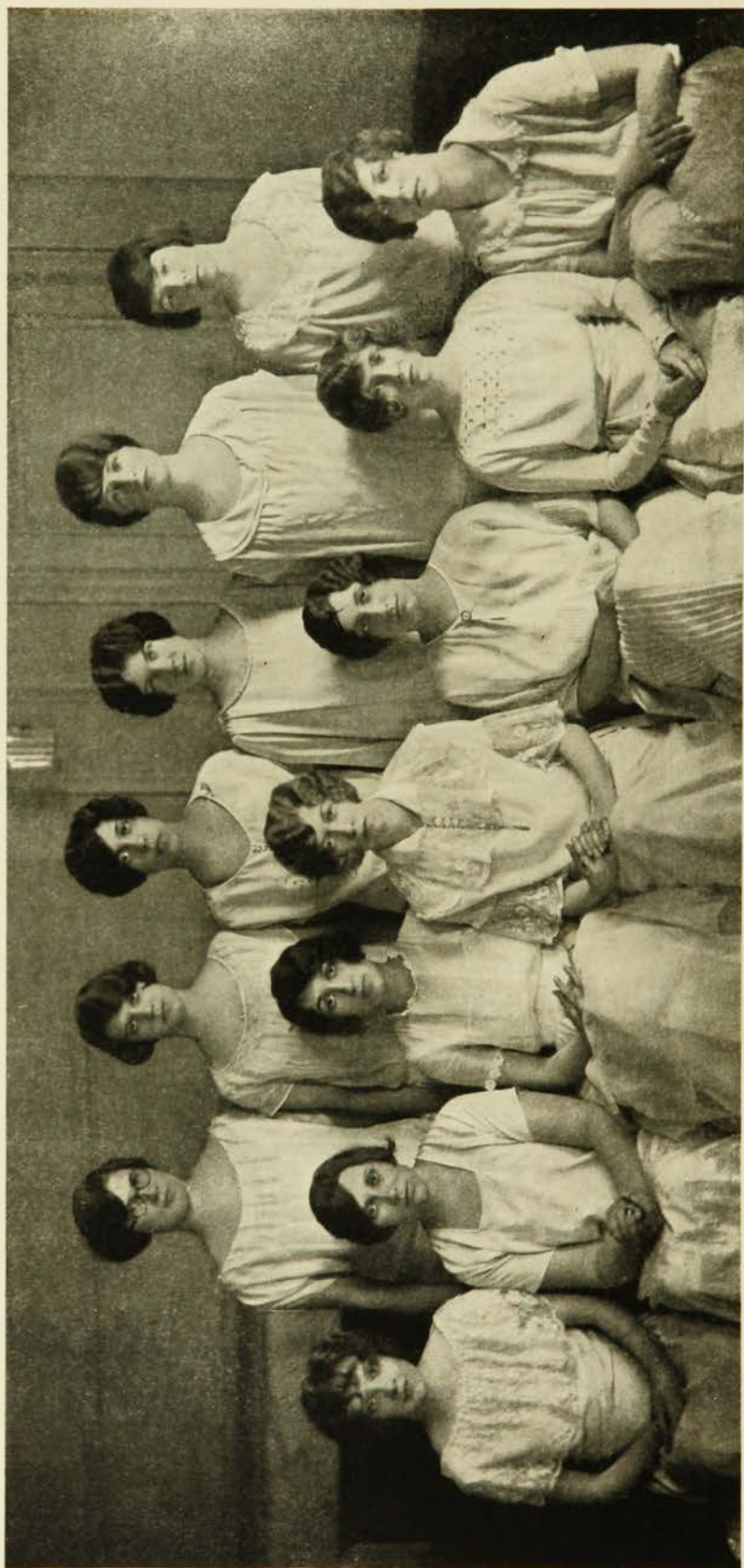




OPTIMA

<i>President</i>	HARRIET BABCOCK
<i>Vice-President</i>	NATALIE SMITH
<i>Secretary</i>	ADDISON PELLETIER
<i>Treasurer</i>	HELEN DICKSON
<i>Honorary Members and Advisers</i>	<div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;"> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Miss COLE</div> <div style="display: inline-block; vertical-align: middle;">Miss HILL</div> </div> </div>
ROSEMARY AMES		RUTH MARTIN
ELIZABETH DAVISON		BERENICE MAXWELL
VIRGINIA DAVISON		ELIZABETH PAXTON
JULIA KNOX FOLMAR		HARRIET PILCH
CATHERINE HOWELL		EMMA RITCHIE
MARGARET MARTIN		GENEVIEVE STEWART
	ELVIRA YOUNG	

Optima continues to be the goal toward which every girl's effort is directed. Its high standards, its loyalty to the school, its pleasures and its privileges are a constant incentive to our girls to do better work, to observe rules and regulations, and by earnest endeavor to gain the coveted honor of being an Optima girl.



FRENCH CLUB

<i>President</i>	VIRGINIA DAVISON
<i>Vice President</i>	CATHERINE HOWELL
<i>Secretary</i>	EMMA RITCHIE
<i>Treasurer</i>	POLLY SCHODER
<i>Honorary Member</i>	MME. ELEANOR PELTIER
ROSEMARY AMES		FRANCES SHERMAN
HELEN DICKSON		NATALIE SMITH
BERENICE MAXWELL		JOSEPHINE STIEREN
ADDISON PELLETIER		ELVIRA YOUNG

Madame Peltier is giving, in her usual vivacious and interesting way, a series of stories about Josephine and Napoleon. One of the most interesting undertakings of the year will be a presentation of a short French comedy by members of the "Cercle."



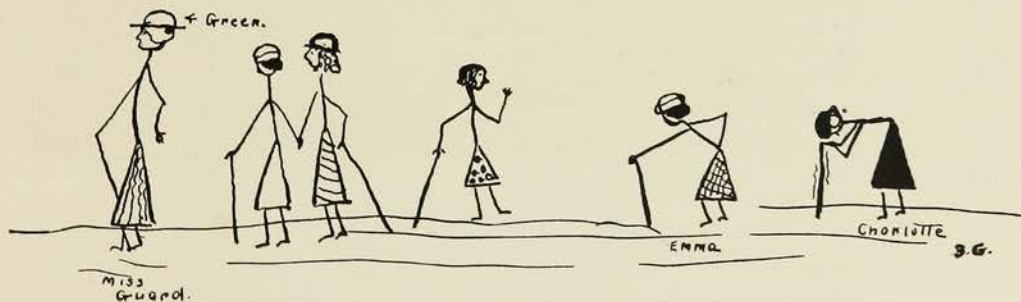
WALKING CLUB

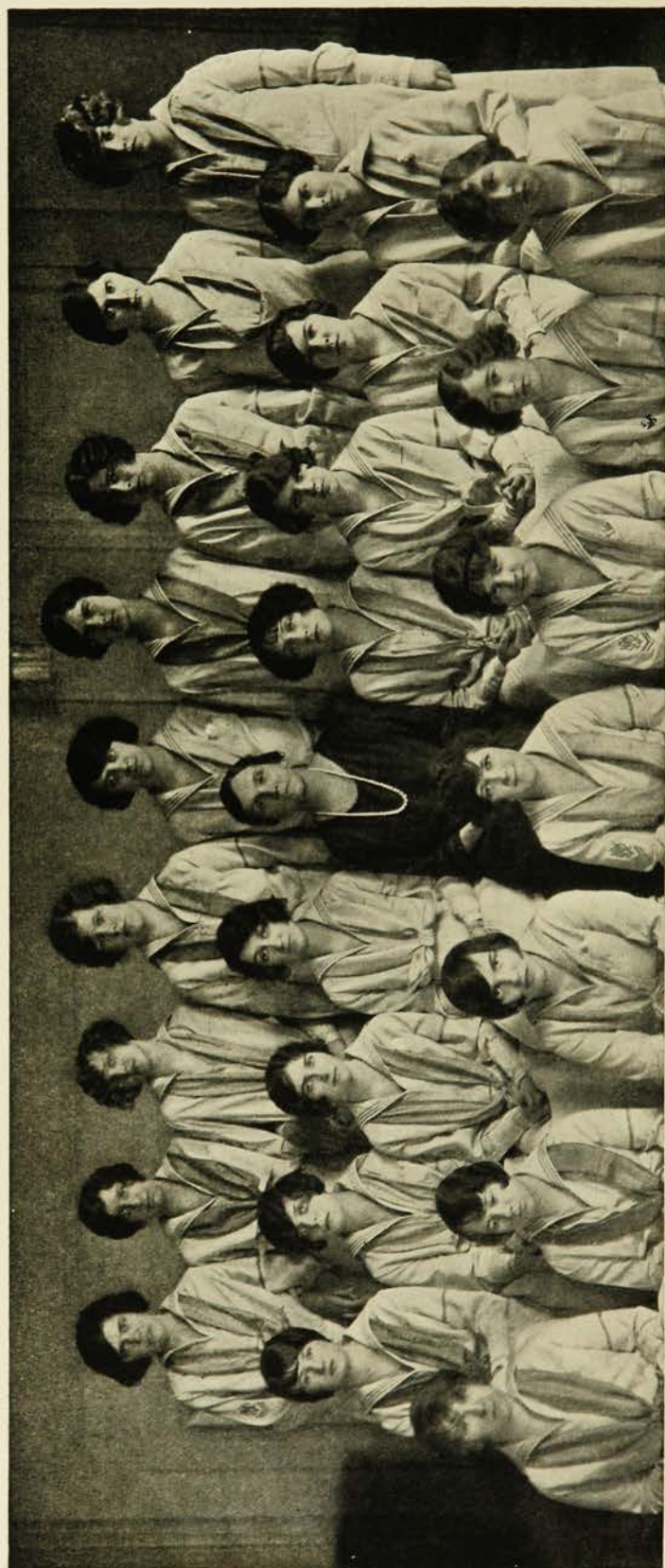
<i>President</i>		POLLY SCHODER
<i>Secretary-Treasurer</i>		BETTY PAXTON
<i>Honorary Members</i>		{ MISS COLE
		{ MISS GUARD
		{ MISS COOK
LOUISE ALDRICH	MARIE HORST	VIRGINIA ROEDIGER
MIRANDA BOYD	ELEANOR LINN	POLLY SCHODER
HELEN DICKSON	MARY LUPE	BETTY SLAUGHTER
CHARLOTTE GATES	MARGARET MARTIN	HARRIET SNIDER
BEULAH GIBBONS	BETTY PAXTON	JOSEPHINE STIEREN
PATRICIA HEALY	EMMA RITCHIE	ANN WILCOXSON

Walking Club, the Club to which all those aspire who love to walk, and we might say in an undertone, to eat, has taken this year many delightful morning and evening walks. Its much prized reputation is again irreproachable and we hope we have completely obliterated the sorry sight of our one walk last year—in a taxi cab.

There is quite a new and novel addition this year, a walking stick, although the ones chosen by the illustrious members are more properly called by the elegant name of swagger stick. Not for an instant would we wish to give the impression that we are in any way crippled or that we cannot endure long hikes—far from it—we merely wish everyone to know the special privilege enjoyed by the Walking Club.

We have found a very charming spot not far from school and there, early in the fall, we cooked our supper and several times our breakfast. Also several excursions have been made to Wardman Park, one of which was a memorable event. We slid rather than walked, as it had snowed the night before. Most of us wanted to come back a different way and after what seemed, to us an eternity, we were safely guided to our destination by Miss Guard, much to the relief of all, especially Emma and Charlotte. These walks are a source of great enjoyment and we hope to have more of them in the near future.





CHORAL CLUB

<i>Director</i>	MRS. A. K. PAYNE
<i>President</i>	CATHERINE HOWELL
<i>Vice President</i>	JULIA KNOX FOLMAR
<i>Secretary and Treasurer</i>	HARRIET PILCH

GWENDOLYN ATWOOD	NAN KOLBE
FLORENCE BONTJES	RUTH MARTIN
GRACE BRECKINRIDGE	BERENICE MAXWELL
JANE CONNELL	BARBARA MILLER
EMILY EVATT	ELIZABETH PAXTON
KATHRYN FERGUSON	ADDISON PELLETIER
JULIA KNOX FOLMAR	HARRIET PILCH
BEULAH GIBBONS	EMMA RITCHIE
ELEANOR HAYDEN	FRANCES SHERMAN
PATRICIA HEALY	HARRIET SNIDER
CATHERINE HOWELL	EMILY WHITING
IRMA KLINK	EMILY WITTMER



In recognition of the faithful and efficient service given by the help of Mount Vernon Seminary, and in appreciation of their willing spirit and co-operation.

SARA CRUMP

It has been said:

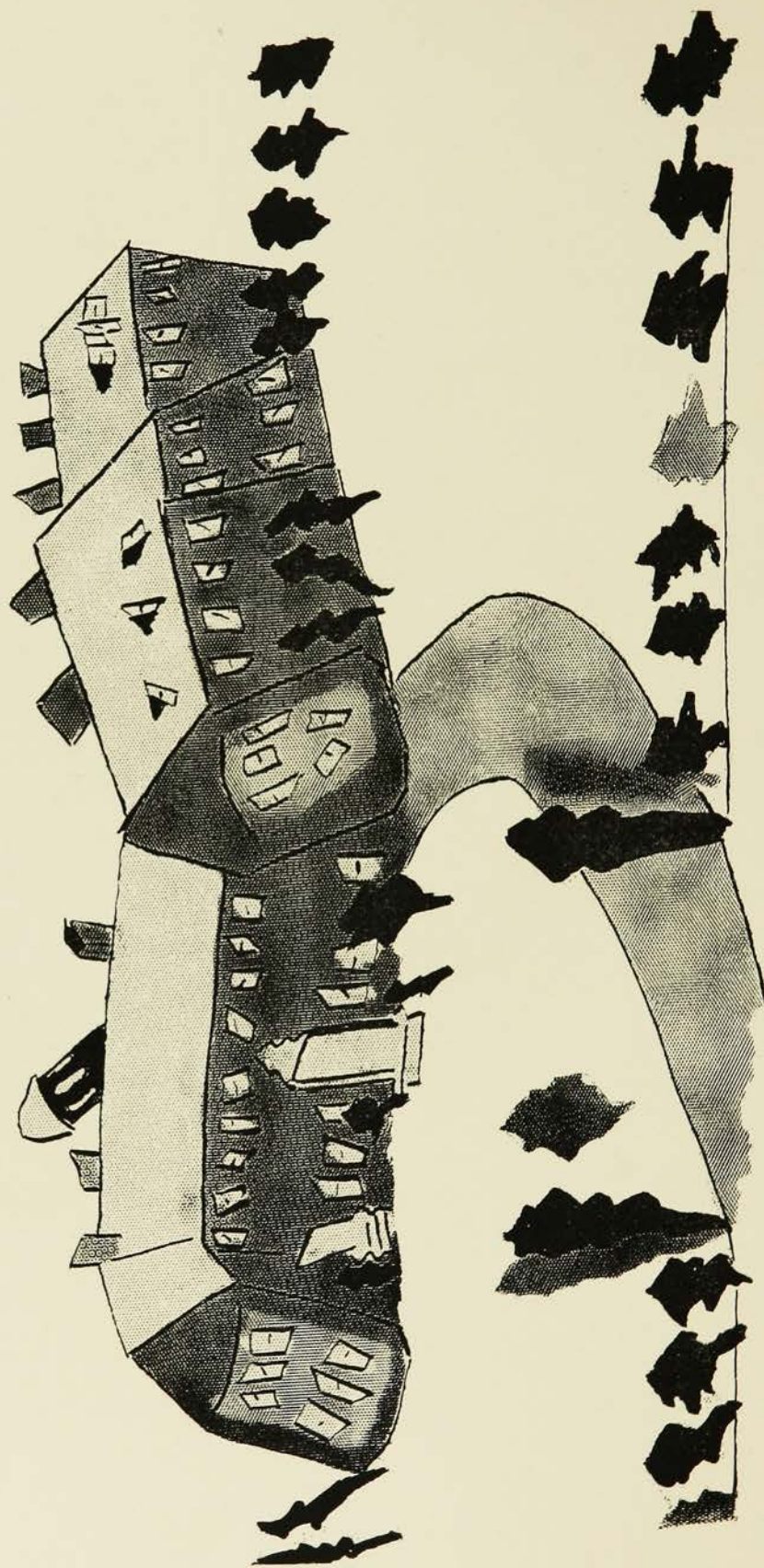
“As one candle lighteth another nor grows less, so
Nobleness rekindleth nobleness.”

If this be so the life of Sara Crump has left its mark on the world; for no more faithful worker or truer friend could have been found. More than once her naive philosophy and sage advice kept some wayward, head-strong girl from further mischief. More than once her understanding and wise sympathy proved a comfort to some homesick child. In her character, one found a strange combination of experience, and an understanding of the laws of human nature particularly in the school girl. She seemed a combination of the old traditional Southern mammy and the more modern domestic worker.

Tho' the girls admired and loved Sara, it remained for Miss Piper and those with whom she worked to really realize her capability, and surprising domestic knowledge. She knew how things should be done, and saw that they were done in just that way. Never was Sara contented with a room half cleaned or a bed hastily thrown together. To her, bed-making was an art, and a clean room was an expression of character.

In Sara's face one was struck with the kindliness of expression. Restraint, good-breeding and benevolence showed in every line, and the whole lent itself to the general impression of her fineness. She was essentially trustworthy, faithful and good, and there is not a girl or teacher who does not miss her.

In Lighter Wein



The Cubist's Idea of Mt. Vernon Seminary



The Drys Have It

MEAT OR MANNERS

Can anyone give a successful definition of perfect form in table manners? If so, she need read no further.

I had vainly thumbed my book of etiquette from cover to cover, memorized, applied and digested its instruction. I had perceived that if I wished to appropriate a salad fork and dash it upon the floor, to emphasize a particularly striking point in my animated conversation, the butler would retrieve it immediately, wipe it surreptitiously, and return it to my side. I would, of course, in the meantime, sit nonchalantly by, utterly unconscious of all except the admiring and stricken gaze of my attractive neighbor upon the left. I could have managed any combination of silver laid before me, such was the result of patience and practice. (From the outside in, you see, I knew everything.) I was ready to enter M. V. S., to make my social plunge in this famous winter resort for girls, and to further facilitate my full and immediate entry into the very gayest whirl, I found that I was fortunately placed at Miss Guard's table. The first meal I approached my plate confidently; there stood merely a fork, knife, butter knife and two spoons. (My opinions of the School's reputed elegance were fast dissipating themselves—I could scarcely refrain from curling my lip in scorn.) We were having a delightfully charming meal of fried river fish. I was sitting next to Miss Guard, and I thought that I was proving a most interested listener (chuckling volubly at several jokes) when I, suddenly and unawares, committed the greatest "faux pas" possible. I reached (all capital letters) for the pepper to liven the fish. Here, it seems that salt and pepper are passed by the butler (in this case a maiden). I smiled sympathetically and wished that I had never been born. Well, it was a continual struggle and a nightmare; first bread, then butter, then water, then a cookie. I looked at the jovial group at the other extreme of the table. They seemed so utterly unconscious of any formality or restraint; the bread and butter sailed across the table, the salt and pepper reeled about in

merry flight, in short they almost looked as if they might be getting something in the way of food and sustenance. Isn't it amazing why all of us scramble for Miss Churchyard's arm?

THE PENITENT

I have a little sorrow,
Born of a little sin,
My laundry box contained a cake,
Fried chicken, shut within;
And "Little Sorrow, weep," said I,
And "Little Sin, pray you may die,"
And I upon the floor will lie
And think how bad I've been!

Alas for pious planning—
It mattered not a whit!
As far as gloom went, in my room,
The lamp might have been lit!
My little sorrow would not weep,
My little sin would go to sleep—
To save my soul I could not keep
My graceless mind on it!

So up I got in anger,
My womanhood I'd lost!
My honor, pride had left for good,
Of cake and chicken, this the cost!
But "one thing there's no getting by,
I've been a wicked girl," said I;
"But if I can't be sorry, why,
I might as well be glad!"

(Apologies to Edna St. Vincent Millay.)

The thing that seems the fad at present
Is lingering in that corner pleasant,
The hall outside the dining room.
Miss Cole has had to set the doom,
"Walk out in lines of two and two,
Stop not in groups of more than few
Discussing the developments
Of classes, lectures, plays, events."
So we march out—walk on and on,
Trying to find friends who have gone.
By the time we reach that cherished spot,
The cloister bench, which is always hot,
We're tired, cross, and out of sorts,
Talking and running were just the sports.

So up comes the moral—there has to be one—
"Never tarry—it really isn't done."

—Cherry Stephenson.

Just when I feel most comfortable,
All cuddled up in bed,
With covers up around my chin,
And dreams within my head,
The rising bell peals forth the call
And I must leave my nest,
With vain regrets for visions flown,
And hurry to get dressed.
"Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning."

—H. Pilch, '24.

"They shall not pass!" These words have thrilled
Millions the world around,
'Twas one small band resisting the Hun;
How we thrilled at its very sound!

"They shall not pass!" And one small boy
Struggles with all his might
To keep the rest of the gang at bay,
And be King in the Castle fight.

"They shall not pass! Boys, hold that line!"
It's the football captain's shout.
His teammates stand like an iron wall,
The enemy's put to rout.

"They shall not pass!" the teachers cry,
You hear it early and late;
And tho' the Seniors work their best,
They may fail to graduate!

—Berenice Maxwell.



TURKEY.—"I don't see any fun in these necking parties."

VIRTUE IS ITS OWN REWARD—?

I try so hard to keep each rule,
I never sit up late,
I wash my face, and brush my hair, and go to bed at eight.

I learn my lessons every day,
I never answer back,
I wear wool hose, a petticoat, and buttons never lack.

No powder on my little nose,
My color's all my own,
I never use a curling iron, nor, during school time, phone.

If any young man calls on me,
He leaves the school at ten,
He meets the hostess, lets her in on dope of Tech. or Penn.

I never have forbidden food
Upon my closet shelf,
I don't sleep out, I don't play bridge, I'm always in good health.

I fear that I could make this poem
Oh, very, very long,
Of things and things and still more things that get a girl in wrong.

But I refrain because today,
While swimming in the pool,
They marked me off for screaming out. Oh, how I hate each rule!

—H. Pilch, '24.

PARADISE LOST

(With Apologies to Milton)

Of that first broken sick sign, and the word
You spoke across the door, that deed which
Caused sorrow to your heart and all your woe,—
Loss of permission, 'till two weeks later
They returned and now again you go to Reeves,
Forget, if you can, and swear no more to break
The rules of M. V. S.! For didst not kind
Miss Martin warn you to first look well on
The doors of the less fortunate than yourself,
And when a square, white placard greets the eye
With the words inscribed thereon saying,
"Thou shalt not pass!" then thou shouldst not pass?
Take heed of this most wise and helpful song,
That no more will you have to go, with head low bent
And eyes cast down in shame to rap upon
That door, while praying "She's" not home, and thus
Evade confession. Oh, nit-wit that dost prefer
Before all else to do the upright and the true,
Tell me, for you know better by far than I,
Why you crossed that sign and lost permissions,
When that "prom." would have been Heaven
Itself—Ah, me! Milton was right—Paradise
Was lost, but the lost is most often found,
And try to pacify yourself by this—
That Paradise Lost means Paradise Regained!

—Berenice Maxwell.

JAZZ

Jazz is the cause for conversation in the best society—and in the worst. Merely mention the word and a conversation will ensue; the heat of the discussion being regulated by the type of people involved.

Dinner parties are probably the most suitable places to bring up this much discussed subject, as so many objects are conveniently near to aid in emphasizing your points. But if the dinner party is to be a respectable one, a member of the younger generation should never be placed beside a member of the old school, because the results of a conversation on Jazz cannot be foreseen when two such persons launch upon it.

One unthinking hostess did this very thing, placed a "dumb" young one beside a gentleman who happened to be a firm advocate of the good old school. Unfortunately the guests were not what Miss Cole would deem—good dinner guests—at least, so they appeared to the "dumb" young one, for she was frankly bored. With the best of intentions she suggested "shaking" a wicked hoof on the Biltmore roof to the gentleman at her side. The effect was immediate, taking the form of a lengthy monologue on the effect, affect and defect of Jazz. The effect was terrible, the affect worse, and Jazz was a defect in itself.

But the "dumb" young one was disinclined to be so easily convinced of the fact.

"Do you mean to say that saxophones don't chase your blues?"

"When you feel ten shades darker than the blackest hues?"

"Well, when I was your age—?"

"History does repeat itself—that's true—"

"You misunderstand, we did as our parents told us to."

"So do we—but Jazz is the issue now and they approve—and your next move?"

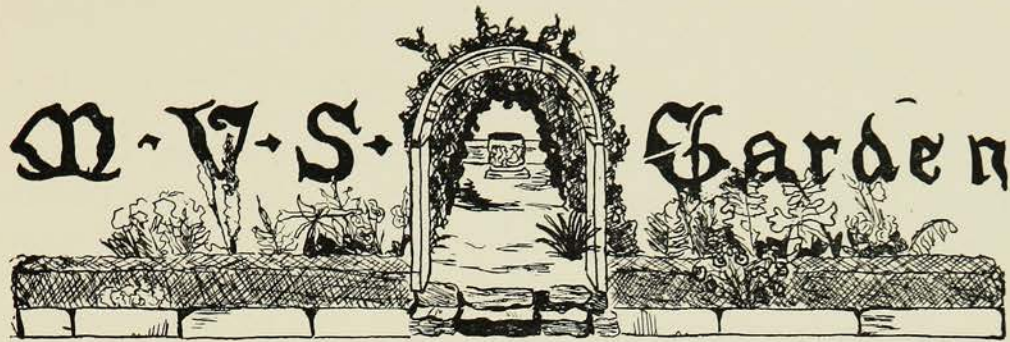
"Your generation will repent its indulgence in Jazz and wine."

"You would agree with me if you'd let yourself at all,
And condescend to attend one of our Jazz balls."

Jazz, "a defect" with its harmonious noises, shrieking melodious horns, kettle drums, hilarity—no—I agree with the "dumb" young one.

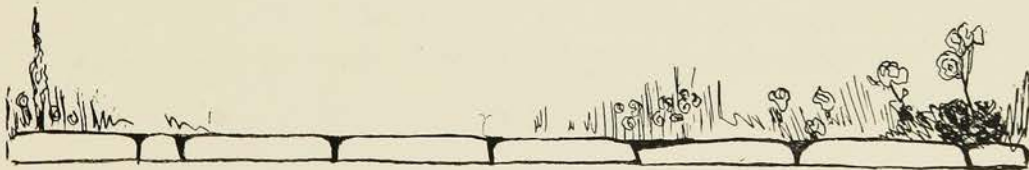
Jazz for mine!

—Grace Rueschaw.



M. V. S. FLOWER GARDEN

Johnny Jump Up	MISS GUARD
Four o'Clocks (or Study Hallites)	BETTY STEWART AND ELEANOR ROWE
Phlox	JUNIORS
Orange Blossoms	MARY WELTY AND ELIZABETH BURGOYNE
Black-eyed Susan	KAY HOWELL
Wild Thyme	CHERRY STEPHENSON
Thistle	HELEN CURTIS
Pink	FLORENCE BIRCH
Jack in the Pulpit	MISS COLE
Bachelor's Buttons	THE FACULTY
Jasmine	ANNE MILLER AND SARAH BANKS
Heartsease	FLORENCE BONTJES
Primrose	MARY HAYWARD
Violet	MAY DUNLAP
Trailing Arbutus	MRS. MACALLISTER
Sweet William	BILL YOUNG
Dandelion	FAY BRIGHAM
Forget-me-nots	SENIOR'S FAREWELL
Sweet P's	PILCH, PAXTON AND PLUM
Morning Glory	MISS DAVIS
Passion Flower	GWEN. ATWOOD
Snap Dragon	CORNELIA WHITE
Aster	MISS HEMPSTEAD
Clinging Vine	PEGGY BUCK
Tulips (two lips)	DOROTHY BELL
Baby's Breath	ANNE HEARNE AND CAROLINE BRADY



DISENCHANTMENT

The moon, a vagrant orange blur, loitered in the misty December sky, and the world beneath became a place of diaphanous enchantment and palpitating loveliness. The serene, impassive river wound gently off to the horizon, a shining, silver ribbon binding one dim shore line to the other. The trees along its edge, so short a time ago a gorgeous, far flung spectacle of splashing red and yellow against the neutral tones of heaven and earth, were now but dark and sombre shadows on a cobalt sky. Faintly across the miles between came the poignant wail of the evening express as it trailed across the continent.

The girl in the gray squirrel coat slowly unwrapped another stick of chewing gum. "Whatja pay for your hat, dearie?" she said.

IT HAPPENS IN THE BEST OF REGULATED FAMILIES

It was the night of Valentines,
And M. V. S. was very gay,
For all the girls, and teachers too,
Had gathered in the gym to play.

They came in costume one and all,
But each fair face was covered o'er
By black or colored mask of silk,
Which had been purchased days before.

Miss Cole herself surveyed the throng
Of dancing beauties, then she cried,
"Why, there are two, that very wrong,
Have not come costumed, lack of pride."

"I must investigate this breach,"
Then down the steps she sailed with haste,
But ere the culprits she could reach
Miss Guard had joined her in the race.

The dancers stopped, the music, too,
The pair, ill omened, stopped beside,
Miss Cole surveyed their frocks of blue,
The daily uniform, then cried—

"If you can't be original,"
Miss Guard behind her nodded twice,
"Please come in white or not at all,
Don't fail to heed this good advice."

The pair looked up with one accord,
Then said in tones of fiendish glee,
"We're members of the ruling board,
Ritchey and Davis—Facultee"!

—Harriet Pilch, '24.

JOKES

Father—William writes that he is a quarterback.

Mother—Oh, send it to him. We would hate to have him behind
in such a small amount.

Strach—No, I don't believe in parading my virtues.

Toad—That's very wise. You know it takes a number to make
a parade.

Jim—Fraternity men are ungrateful things.

Jam—Howzat?

Jim—They're always giving each other the grip.

—College Humor.

A New Holiday

Mr. Callahan was studying a sign painted on the sidewalk in front
of a drug store.

"Nut Sundæ." "Well, I'll be jigged," he muttered. "Ash
Wednesday, Shrove Tuesday, Good Friday, say, this is a new one
on me."

Miss Ritchey (in Latin class)—“Will you decline the verb ‘amo’?”
Deborah Fredericks—“Yes’m, I’m afraid I’ll have to.”

Jo Pease—I’d like to try out for the Junior Class play.
Miss Plummer—Have you had any experience?
Jo—Oh, yes, I had my shoulder in a cast once.

(Apologies to the White Class)

The salt is to the mackerel
As the fish is to the sea
And that’s what Mary Addison
Is to puny little Me!

Julia Knox Folmar—“Guess they’ll find the body of King Tut’s father pretty soon.”

Anne Miller—“How come?”

Julia Knox Folmar—“Well, they found his mummy, so his poppy ought to be near.”

Mary Cunningham (while waiting for Bible I, one Monday morning)—Let’s go upstairs, and they can’t round us all up.

Helen Curtis—Yes, but tomorrow they’ll flatten us all out.

Liked the Limelight

Little Sam was sitting on the stairs watching a violent thunderstorm with evident delight.

“What yo’ all doin’ out in the rain?” called his mother.

“O, Mommy.” He cried. “I was a sittin’ heah and the Lawd done took a flashlight of me!”

A notoriously absent-minded man was noticed walking down the street with one foot continually in the gutter, and the other on the pavement.

A friend meeting him said: "Good evening, how are you?"

"Well," replied the absent-minded one, "I thought I was very well when I left home, but now I don't know what's the matter with me. I've been limping for the last half hour."

Unclassified

A violinist entered a little music shop in London. "I want an E string please," he remarked to the man behind the counter. Producing a box, the latter said: "Would you mind picking one out for yourself sir? I 'ardly know the 'es from the shes."

Miss Churchyard (calling roll)—Helen Young?

Helen—Here.

Miss C. (to class)—Are you all here?

Helen Young (absently)—Practically, Miss Churchyard.

One of the Brilliant Ones no Doubt!

Someone in one of the History classes thought the office of the Pope was hereditary!

In Chemistry

Miss Treyz—What makes hard water hard?

M. Heckert—Iron.

Eleanor Hutton—Is Hortense trying for Optima?

D. Breckinridge—No, head-mistress' place.

Chuckie Gates—Why does a stork stand on one foot?

Bertha Plum—I'll bite, why does he?

Chuckie—Because if he lifted the other, he'd fall down.

Came Out Like a Ribbon

"Now I've got you in my grip," hissed the villain, shoving his tooth paste into his valise.

—Yale Record.

Where's Miss Hillyar?

Someone thought the Parthenon was a refrigerating plant just because there was a frieze inside!

Our Own Book Course

Yellows: "Age of Innocence."

Whites: "The Mind in the Making."

Juniors: "This Side of Paradise."

Seniors: "All's Well That Ends Well."

Mrs. Rickett (giving a lesson)—What are pauses?

Betty Stewart—They grow on cats!

He: Did you know the wooden grandstand had collapsed?

She: No! How did it happen?

He: Wooden stand !

Harriet Pilch—Have you seen Miranda around?

Helen Curtis—Around what?

Did you know we have an infant prodigy in our midst? Yes, in the form of Miss Louise Hempstead. Her family were worried about her when she was a mere child because she did not speak for a long time, but when she finally did, she spoke in whole sentences! (Note: Perhaps it would interest you to know what Miss Churchyard's first sentence was, ask her!)

Page Natalie!

The lights were low. They were seated on the sofa in front of the fireplace. A cheerful fire threw its spell over them. Jimmy speaks: "Maize," he said, "I've something very important to tell you."

Maize sighed. At last it was coming; was this to be the end, she thought. Softly she spoke to Jimmy.

"Jimmy, I like you real well; I've only known you four months, but I've got up to the point where I can tell you not to knock your ashes off on the rug and not offend you, and I wasn't a bit angry when you pulled that joke about the hole in my stocking, but Jimmy, can't you wait a while before telling me?"

"No," said Jimmy. "I must tell you tonight, Maize, the Prince of Wales fell off his horse again."

Things You Never See

Red Milk Wagons.

Mexican desperadoes in little brown derbies.

Miss Churchyard in English IV

"The Jesuit priests were burned and scalped by the Indians, but they still went on preaching."

A Self-Made Man

It had been a Herculean struggle. As he paused there at the summit, looking back over the way he had come, he smiled with quiet exultation.

A poor orphan from childhood, he had been forced to toil from his early teens, uneducated, almost illiterate. Nevertheless, by sheer brute strength he had worked his slow way up, rung by rung, until now he stood at the very top.

The quiet smile deepened. But even as he smiled he knew that,

after all, the moment of his triumph must pass, that he must yield his place in the sun to those others who pressed close behind.

With a gesture of ineffable weariness, he dumped his load of bricks and started back down the ladder.

If You Would Be Popular

Knock the school.

Admit the fellows all chase you.

Always butt in, particularly where you're not wanted.

Just push, don't shove, in register line.

Remind the teacher of an assignment she's forgotten about.

Be teacher's pet, or a clinging vine.

Slam everybody, don't let anyone grow vain.

Tell of all your ability to hold any, every, all offices, and of your failure to have them all by the "crooked work" done by those who have them.

Don't be backward about stepping forward.

Why Teachers Go Insane

(From exam. papers)

"Joan of Arc was the wife of Noah."

"Lincoln was shot in the box."

"The angel must be inverted."

"Cæsar drew up his veterinary legions."

"An epic is a man who is particular about his food."

"This poem is a good imitation in meteor, of the English ballads."

"Lusius Piso was the great-grandfather of his wife."

"Louis XVI was gelatined during the French Revolution."

"When England was placed under the interdict, the Pope stopped all births, deaths, and marriages for a year."

"Gender shows whether a man is masculine, feminine or neuter."

"A ruminating animal is one that chews its own cubs."

Julia Knox Folmar—The other day I saw ten men under an umbrella and not one of them got wet.

Emily Witmer—How's that?

Julia Knox—It wasn't raining.

Jailless Crimes

Killing time.

Hanging pictures.

Stealing bases.

Chuting the chutes.

Choking of a speaker.

Running over a new song.

Setting fire to a heart.

Smothering a laugh.

Knifing a performance.

Murdering the English language.

"That cramps my style," said the mouse as the trap snapped.

"I'll get the deuce for this," thought the card shark as he snatched the two of diamonds from the deck.

Miss Blakeslee—"Where did you learn to speak so well?"

Miss Plummer—"I used to address envelopes."

Mary Frances—I haven't slept for days.

Polly—What's the matter, sick?

Mary Frances—No, I sleep nights.

Mike: "He may be a great artist, but he has a peculiar way of doing things."

Ike: "How's that?"

Mike: "He says he painted his greatest masterpiece on an empty stomach."

Teacher: "What's your name, my boy?"

Boy: "Jule."

Teacher: "You mean Julius. What's your name?" (To next boy.)

Boy: "I guess it is meant to be Billious."

Frances Keach: "Where's Mort?" I can't find her.

Cherry: "You're always looking for someone."

Frances: "Yes, I've the looks."

Miss Cunningham: "Is there anything you can do better than anyone else?"

Grace Breckinridge: "Yes, I can read my own writing."

Seasick

Celia sighed beside the seaside,
Quite beside herself was she,
For beside her on the leaside
No one sat beside her. See?

Sitting there beside the seaside,
Who is this that Celia sees?
Yes, it's Cæsar! And he sees her,
Will he seize her? Patience, please.

His'n: "I see Ignatz is studying forestry."

Her'n: "But why forestry when he intends to take up manufacturing?"

Our'n: "Shoe-trees, my boy, shoe-trees."

H. Vrooman: "What do those cannibal head-hunters do with the heads after they get them?"

Fay Brigham: "Make noodle soup, of course."

But Who Sat on the Waves' Lap?

While boating on the bay one night
I saw the ocean's arm
Steal gently 'round a neck of land
To keep its shoulder warm.

This made me jealous as could be;
It really made me sore,
And so I paddled toward the land
And closely hugged the shore.

"I once knew a girl who was so cross-eyed the tears ran down her back!"

"But they couldn't do anything for her, could they?"

"Oh, yes! They treated her for bacteria."

Libby Burgoyne—What do newspapers die of?

D. Bell—Don't know, what?

Libby—Poor circulation.

Anne Miller—What's become of all our furniture?

Anne Abrahams—It's that habit you have of asking our friends to take a chair.

Ajar!

Frances Sherman—You remind me of a hinge.

Addison Pelletier—How so?

Frances—You are something to adore!

Dear Editor: Would like to know the author of Pepy's diary.
Ans.: Author still unknown.

"Those eggs you sent me were very ripe."
"How do you know that?" asked the grocer.
"A little bird told me."

Louise Aldrich: Oh, I see we have a clean tie on this morning!
May Dunlap: Yes, so don't give it a dirty look.

Ear-Marks of Boarding School Girls

Many books	Head bands
Ignorance	Plaid stockings
No hair nets	Water waves
Fur coats	Beautiful but dumb (B. B. D.)
Pajamas	Blasé
A heavy line	Cattyness
Mandarin coats	Men's photographs
Diaries	And toys.
Crushes	

Mrs. MacAllister and Miss Guard both at same table one morning,
and Miss Guard is arguing as to how Mrs. M. was to have her coffee.
Max Jenkins (piping up)—Gee, I bet you all used to fight!

In Psych. Class

Miss Ritchey—Give a species of animal with low mentality.
Harriet Pilch—Earth-worm!

Miss Hillyer (in Art Hist.)—What are the catacombs?
Bright Student—A place where the Christians lived after they
were dead.

Ask Cherry Stephenson what the promised land was that the
Juniors looked for during Fag week!

Rapid Action

Movie Actor—But, look here, if he's going to throw me into the rapids, how am I going to get out?

Director—That's all right. You don't appear again.

The next time Madame Peltier goes to Baltimore she'll know better than to put a nickel in a slot machine!

She's the Flower of the Family

Nat Smith: What is that funny smell?

Little Summer boy, chum at Nat's—That comes from the linoleum plant.

Nat—I never heard of that kind of a flower.

A mocking eye,
A pair of lips,
That's often why
A fellow trips.

A "classic dancer"
Wins applause
By romping in a
Yard of gauze!

How paneful must be the life of a window washer.

"I'll raise you two," said the wealthy lady to the orphans.

—Yale Record.

Here's to you as good as you are,
And to me as bad as I am,
But as good as you are
And as bad as I am
I'm as good as you are
As bad as I am.

Have You Heard Around School?

"We'll tell you when you're 21."
"Delivah."
"Make an appointment with my Secretary."
"That's a point."
"The eternal fitness of things."
"Yessssssssss."
"Oh Boys!"
"Thank you, will you sit down?"
"Has anyone any other contributions?"
"Epitome."
"Irritation."
"I'll bite."
"You chase me."
"Thorah."
"Yes, dahrling."
"Isn't this dandy?"

"Shake, old man," said the chill to the feverish individual, giving him the grip.

Senior (calling Junior at 3 a. m.)—Where's your salute?
Gwen Atwood (not all there)—I'll bite, where is it?

Bertha Plum—Why did the salt shaker?
M. Lockhart—Why?

Bertha—He saw the lemon squeezer, and the egg beater, and the opium eater, and the potato masher, so he thought it was time to shaker.

Why did you put your hat on? she asked.
He whistled softly, "Chili Bean."

WISE CRACKS

There is a "b" in subtle, because the subtle remark often stings.

Most girls are good and true. In fact, most of them are too good to be true!

What if the girls are good bargain hunters? They won't go with a fellow in reduced circumstances.

Many a girl who is pretty as a picture is handicapped by an ugly frame of mind.

Love is the only game that is never postponed on account of darkness.

Bookkeeping taught in a lesson of three words—Never Lend Them!

Flattery is the best cure for a stiff neck. It will turn almost any head.

You can visit quite a number of cemeteries without locating the grave of a student who worked himself to death.

Jokes are like boomerangs. They always come back, only they change ownership in flight.

Rabbits multiply, but it takes a snake to be an adder.

If it's true that it is the little things that count, then the mosquitoes must be splendid mathematicians.

A woman writer says that mischief causes dimples. Some people are under the impression that dimples cause mischief.

Absence makes the mark grow rounder.

A rag, a bone, a hank o' hair, will rate a date most anywhere.

Nan Kolbe—Why do you go horseback riding so often?

Mary Hayward—I've got the habit.

"This is the bunk," muttered the lumberjack, as he crawled into bed.

"It's the little things that always tell," said the debutante as she dragged out her young brother from under the sofa.

By All Means

Miss Mallard—Who can name one important thing that we did not have one hundred years ago?

Kay Howell—Me!

In Mrs. MacAllister's opinion the world is composed mostly of people who rinse out the tub and those who don't.

Would You Laugh to See

Irma Klink?

Kay Howelling in a Churchyard?

Pease or a Plum in soup?

A Mallard duck with Rickets?

A Plummer and a Barber with a Payne?

A Cook Guard(ing) a Cunningham?

The Bell on the White Gate Slaughter(ed)?

Josephine Stieren the Taylor down the Rowe?

The time when Rosemary Ames At-wood?

Hulda Hayssen when she knows Watts done to the Piper?

Emma Carter Cole to the Weaver on the Hill?

In Sociology, after viewing a hole in Margie Martin's sleeve, Miss Cole remarked that the Senior's uniforms were looking pretty well as a whole.

Dear Editor: Should a man put on a lady's rubbers?

Ans.: No, they would be too small.

Liz Council: What is it that ostriches have that no other birds have?

Elizabeth Burdell: What?

Liz: Baby ostriches!

Florence Bontjes (at luncheon): Will you have cream or sugar?

Fay Brigham: Yes, please.

We Reserve Our Opinion

According to the definition posted on the bulletin board Frances Sherman is an M. V. S. lady, at least she says she is. (Editor's note) Why does she blush so unconventionally then?

M. L. thinks erysipelas is a malady of the ears!

Heard in the Doctor's Office

L. G.—Doctor, am I likely to have any more boils?

Dr. P.—Are you afraid you will be like Job?

L. G.—I don't know what you mean.

Dr. P.—Wasn't he the man who had so many boils?

L. G.—I don't know, I am not up on Nursery Rhymes!

Ignorance Is Bliss!

Miranda Boyd thinks Samovars are some kind of sandwiches!

Sign on a New York Fur Store

"I will make coats and capes for ladies out of their own skins."

"Stand on my right hand," King Arthur commanded. Sir Lancelot obeyed, and King Arthur sported a bandage for a month.

Youth! The ability to jazz after a seven-course dinner, fall intoxicatingly in love over a strawberry sundæ, and extract a thrill from a moonlight ride on top of an omnibus!

"This is a measley house," said the officer as he tacked up a quarantine sign.

"Oh, Baby, Don't Say No, Say Maybe" and come "Stepping Out," with your "Dancin' Dan" to "Strut Your Stuff" at the "Blue Rose" cafe. "I've a Song For Sale" which is an "Easy Melody" called "So This Is Venice" and while we are traveling we can hear "West Indies Blues" and "Shanghai Lullaby." On the way home to "Sleep" we can sing "31st Street Blues" as we go "Swinging Down That Lane."

"Oh Dream Daddy" you can "Shake Your Feet" so well that I can't say you're "All Wrong" about it. But "The One I Love Belongs to Somebody Else" and "Forever" will I be a "Foolish Child" about "Counterfeit Bill." I'm going to "Hollywood" to see "The Sunny Groves of California."

—Cherry Stephenson.

Latest "Hits"

So This Is Love	Pelletier and Sherman.
Baby Sister Blues	Max Jenkins and Eliz. Davison
Hot Lips	Anne Abrahams
Linger Awhile	Hortense Coyle
Foolish Child	Marjorie Pell
Born and Bred in Brooklyn	Emily Evatt
The Sunshine of Your Smile.....	Margaret Martin
All Wrong	Mary Lupe
Sleep	Frances Keach
Love Sends a Little Gift of Roses.....	Grace Breckinridge
Waiting for the Evening Mail.....	Julia Hase
Kitten on the Keys	Dorothy Fulton
Midnight Rose	Cherry Stephenson
Swingin' Down the Lane	Miss Churchyard
Easy Melody	Mary Cunningham
I Love Me	Eleanor Hutton and M. Hayward
He May Be Your Man Friday, But He's Mine on Saturday Night.....	Gwen Atwood

By working over calorie figures so much, Charlotte Gates and Margaret Martin have finally become one.

Man (who has just walked into second hand store)—Is this a second-hand store?

Clerk—Yes, sir.

Man—Put one on my watch.

Mary Lupe was heard to remark seriously that she had such a forgetful memory!

Wouldn't You Like to Have

Hair	like	Anne Abraham's or Frances Sherman's?
Eyes	"	Kay Howell's?
A figure	"	Elizabeth Bennett's?
Feet	"	Emily Wittmer's or Laura Newburger's?
Hands	"	Howard Vrooman's?
Eyelashes	"	Lucy Armstrong's?
Arms	"	Anne Abraham's?
A disposition	"	Margie Martin's or Max Jenkins'?
A nose	"	Dorothy Bell's or Frances Heckert's?
A mouth	"	Mary Hayward's?
Teeth	"	Harriet Brady's or Virginia Watts'?
Ankles	"	Nan Kolbe's?
Clothes	"	Kay Howell's or Addison Pelletier's?
Style	"	Frances Sherman's or Addison Pelletier's?
Shoulders	"	Harriet Pilch's?
Complexion	"	Florence Birch's?

Wouldn't you want these? Yes!

Miss Treyz: The Household Science class is making soap.

Helen Hopper: Oh, I see, they want to keep their schoolgirl complexions.

Miss Churchyard: I can't accept this poem; it isn't verse at all—merely an escape of gas.

Betty Paxton: O, I see, something wrong with the meter.

Punk Martin (at piano recital)—What is that charming thing she is playing?

Sarah Banks—A piano!

Hortense Coyle—Why are you so sad, Libby?

Libby Burgoyne—Because I'm a woman of sighs (size).

Funny Accidents

I saw a cow slip through the fence.
A horse fly in the store.
I saw a board walk up the street.
A stone step by the door.
I saw a mill race up the road.
A morning break the gloom.
I saw a night fall on the lawn.
A clock run in the room.
I saw a peanut stand up high.
A sardine box in town.
I saw a bed spring at the gate.
An ink stand on the ground.



The Weigh of a Maid with a Man

H.V. ©

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" BANKS, SARAH	Little Rock, Arkansas
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FINIS



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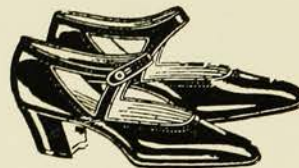
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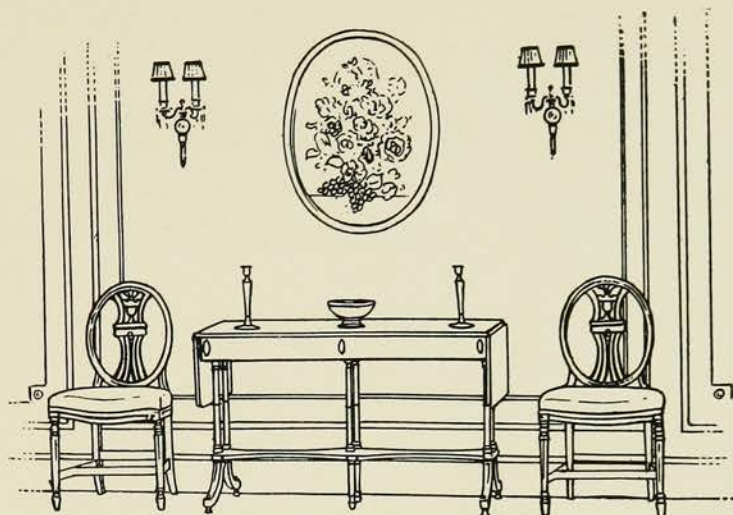
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